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THE
SACRED OFFERING;

A Poetical Gift.

— Enough to know
That at the lonely couch of grief or pain,
My simple page one passing smile may gain,
Or kindle in the breast devotion's glow.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH DOWE.
1838.

Report of ... copy "S1874A."

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P R E F A C E .

ENCOURAGED by the success of the former volume of **THE SACRED OFFERING**, the Editor has ventured to present a second to the public, hoping, that it may in some degree promote the moral and religious objects of the publication.

This volume, like the former, consists of selections from a series of volumes published in England and edited by Mrs. Jevons, the daughter

of the late William Roscoe. It is believed that the pieces, which this little work offers to the public, are in keeping with its design — sweet and sad, but sweetness strengthened by faith, and sadness mitigated by hope, which is “not of this world.” — That it may receive the favor which was bestowed on its predecessor is the sincere desire of the EDITOR.

BOSTON, Nov. 6, 1837.

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THE SACRED OFFERING.

MY BIRTH DAY.

ANOTHER year has passed, with all its joys and
woes,
The hopes and fears it brought are fixed in
calm repose,
That others may arise, as transient still as those.

Another year has passed, alas! how has it sped?
Is there one sin, one fault of which it may be
said,
“Thy reign is o’er — henceforth thy power is
dead?”

Or am I even still the weak and abject slave
Of vain and foolish thoughts, that have no
power to save?
Sowing those seeds that blossom for the grave?

How pass those winged moments that are gone ?
Before the throne of the just judging One,
What witness they, of all that I've thought and
done ?

Were they mine own ? that I might them
misuse ?
Quenching their light in darkness, and refuse
Their proffered good ? As foes did I them
choose ?

Or have those watchful ministers of heaven
Witnessed the sight that penitence has given,
When with the soul some evil thought has
striven ?

Bear they the cheering witness that my heart
Is slowly cleansing all her frailer part ;
Seeking that aid that can true strength impart ?

Whate'er their flight has seen, their record shall
remain
Till the last link of life be shivered from its
chain :
O may the coming year a better requiem
claim !

MIDNIGHT ASPIRATIONS.

It is the hour of prayer,
When day in midnight joins another day,
And musing thought recalls a long array
Of moments dark and fair ;
Now that the chime hath died, I only hear
The sweet repinings of the unquiet wind,
And clothed with deep and reverential fear,
I bow before thy throne,
Almighty ! who alone
Canst the dark chains which hold the prisoned
soul unbind.

My heart is full — too full
To bear its load in silence, — I must seek
The strength which gives endurance to the
weak,
And animates the dull :
And Thou who holdest whirlwinds in thine
hand,
Who speakest and the eager storm breaks
free,

Who dost the glorious fires of heaven command,
Disdain'st not in thy pride
Those feeble ones to guide
Whose troubled spirits seek their aid and hope
in thee.

Thou read'st mine inmost breast,
Have not strange yearnings through its silence
thrilled ?
And thronging visions which the midnight
filled,
My pillow robbed of rest ?
The mystery of dreams to Thee is clear,
Have not a thousand awful things and high,
Been half unveiled — half whispered in mine
ear,
While I rejoiced in sleep,
And only waked to weep
That such majestic show should incomplete
pass by.

Thou dost our days o'ersee ;
Did I not love, e'en when a child, to find
A meaning in the music of the wind,
A speech in every tree ;
Have not the clouds which gamesome evening
piles

Upon the calm of Heaven's ethereal field,
By me been watched as warning shapes, as isles
 Whence angels might come forth
 To circle round the earth,
And I have prayed that these my fearful
 youth might shield.

And came not this from Thee,
This prompting of another, brighter being,
'These fervent, restless glances, further seeing
 Than worldly eyes may see ?
Was it delusion ? — didst thou not reveal
 In these some portion of thy awful will ?
Are not these strong aspirings which I feel
 Thy gifts, Eternal Sire ?
Hast Thou not sown desire,
Which nought of finite earth might conquer
 or fulfil ?

If thou hast fashioned mind
Differing from mind — as bodies each from
 each,
That some should plead, should prophecy,
 should teach,
 Subdue, persuade, unbind, —
If, from the altar of that living fire,

From which thy messengers abroad do bear
The flame which doth the poet race inspire,
Thou deignedst give command
That one, its smallest brand,
Should touch mine infant lips — Hear, Fa-
ther ! hear my prayer !

Hear me ! O not for fame
My soul hath burst its silence, — not for crown
Of consecrated leaves, a vain renown, —
Such meed let bolder claim ;
Yet, hear !—if thou dost breathe upon the lyre,
And wake its strings to voice — teach thou
my song
With pure and calm devotion to aspire
To wise and worthy themes,
If thou have sent me dreams,
Mingle some strain of truth their rainbow
maze among.

And thou, who canst bestow
Beyond man's hope — O let my lays awake
Some gentle heart to love me for their sake,
Ere to my rest I go ;
And when that rest is won — if one may hoard
That love through after days, if one may
nurse

The memory of my songs, Almighty Lord !
Thy name be praised — whose care
Received my feeble prayer,
And deigned to grant its suit — who rulest
the universe !

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

BENEATH the waning moon I walk at night,
And muse on human life ; for all around
Are dim, uncertain forms that cheat the sight,
And pitfalls lurk in shade along the ground,
And broken gleams of brightness, here and
there,
Glance through, and leave unwarmed, the
deathlike air.

The trampled earth returns a sound of fear —
A hollow sound, as if I walked on tombs ;
And lights that tell of cheerful homes, appear
Far off, and die, like hope, amid the glooms.

A mournful wind across the landscape flies,
And the wide atmosphere is full of sighs.

And I, with faltering footsteps, journey on,
Watching the stars that roll the hours away,
Till the faint ray that guides me now is gone,
And, like another life, the glorious day
Shall open o'er me from the empyreal height,
With certainty, and joy, and boundless light.

IMMORTALITY.

UNHAPPY he who breathes this mortal breath,
A stranger to the high and generous faith
Which lifts the spirit o'er the bonds of death
Ev'n with the words the blessed Savior saith,
"I am the resurrection and the life ;
"He who believes on me shall never die."
O ! tidings rich with immortality,
How do we greet ye 'mid this world's vain
strife.

It is not then a dream — the hope so bright,
Which heathen nations have desired to see,
It shines on us with full and heavenly light,
Glorious and beautiful! O! who would flee
Its gentle guidance and its peaceful trust,
For the dim visions of this world of dust?

DIVES AND LAZARUS.

THE rich man rolleth in his chariot high,
Where the wan pauper, at his hovel door,
Courts the noon's warmth — then to its depths
obscure
Turns, to rebuke his starving children's cry.
Stately observance meets the proud one's eye,
A gilded mansion — guests — a steaming
board.
Where every luxury of the earth is poured
In lavish store — save one; and he doth sigh,
That pampered lord, and count his revel
nought,
2*

Because it lacks that one. O contrast strange !
O food for bitter and repining thought !
And these are brothers ! Peace ; — to night
may change
The uneven lot — Lazarus in heaven may
dwell,
And Dives gnaw his tongue in th' agonies of
hell !

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

I stood beside a deathbed scene — a mother
bent and wept,
But deep within her breaking heart a deathless
faith she kept :
She gazed upon her little one, so beautiful and
still,
And humbly tried to yield him up unto her
Maker's will ;
She bent and kissed his pallid brow, she joined
her hands in prayer,

.

And then I knew the Christian's hope had
surely entered there.

I stood beside a bridal band — and all was gay
and bright ;

In opening youth and radiant bloom, that bride
was a fair sight :

She gave her hand, she gave her trust, she
gave her sacred vow,

But not a change of feeling crossed the calmness
of her brow :

Yet she had broke another's hope, and left the
true and tried,

And made herself a sacrifice to splendor and to
pride.

I saw a lone and wretched hut, and it looked
cold and poor ;

An aged and a helpless form sat shivering at
the door ;

Her fire was low, her comforts few — I looked
with pity there,

And thought to see a face cast down with sad-
ness and despair.

Her eye was bright — her smile was kind —
and as she worked she sung,

And cheered herself with hymns of praise as
slow she crept along.

And then I felt that life was not what it might
seem to be ;
That faith and patience are sweet fruits that
spring from misery ;
And that the Christian's glorious hope can
brighten every scene,
And in the dark and anguished hour shed
gleams of joy between.
The mother had a hope in death — the lonely
one was blest ;
But the bride in all her splendor had not found
the Christian's rest.

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF A RELATIVE.

In thought I see thy grave — though far and
lone
It lies unmarked on a cold foreign shore —

No friend the tide of sacred grief to pour —
That spot the dearest to his heart to own.
Yet wert thou well-beloved, and hearts there are
Which love to think on thy departed worth,
And weep to see so soon removed from earth
Feelings so warm, and virtues all too rare :—
Hearts which, when musing on thy early doom,
And noble struggles with thine adverse years,
Would not repress the offering of their tears
For all the living joys that round them bloom ;
Or check that tide of sympathy and woe,
Though o'er thy tomb those tears may never
flow.

TO MY MOTHER.

SHADE of my sainted mother! if thy gaze
Is turned, as it was wont, on one who loved
To meet that tender glance — on one who
proved
Thy gentle care in past and happy days —

Whilst yet this mortal veil the bliss delays,
To feel thy fond embrace, where, far removed,
Thou dwell'st in light supreme — revered, be-
loved,

Look on thy suffering child ! O let some rays
Of thy celestial virtue arm my soul

To bear the sorrows of life's changeful doom !
In heavenly strength these bitter thoughts
control,

And guide, and guard me to the quiet tomb —
To that blest home where earthly cares shall
cease,

And I shall greet thee in the realms of peace.

HOURS OF PRAYER.

PRAYER AT SUNRISE IN THE DESERT.

'Tis morning in the desert — the young light
Serves dimly to distinguish sand and sky —

A sea in all but motion, its expanse
Meets the horizon — and the measureless waste,
Far as the eye can follow, bears no tree,
No patch of stream-fed verdure, not a hill
To break the barren uniformity.

O it is awful ! there is majesty
Even in its silence ! And 't is beautiful
To see the spreading canopy of heaven
Stooping on every side to blend with earth

There is a lonely, distant caravan ;
A little troop of eastern merchantmen,
Sunburned and turbaned, wend their weary
way,

Companioned by their patient dromedaries,
Across the burning desert. But, behold !
The east is bright with promise ! Crimson
clouds,

The joyous sun's glad heralds, roll away ;
And he, the proud, the glorious, flashes forth,
Making the very wilderness laugh out
To greet his royal visiting. And they,
Those toilworn travellers, cast themselves to
earth ;

And in that desert temple, roofed with heaven,
Mighty in space, and grand in solitude,
Pour forth the music of their morning hymn.

To prayer—to prayer! The rising sun re-
joices earth and sky,

Another blessed day is won, another night gone
by;

And in this lonely place of rest, which man
hath rarely trod,

We bend in reverence to Thee, the one eternal
God!

Thy guardian presence hath been near through-
out our toilsome way,

A shield of dauntless proof by night, a faithful
guide by day;

Safe in the hollow of thy hand we felt nor fear
nor ill,—

Look down from heaven, thy dwelling-place,
look down, and guard us still!

From perils which on every side beset the
desert path,

The sandy column's giant march, the hungry
lion's wrath,

The furious Arab's whirling charge, the fever's
wasting grave,—

Look down from heaven, thy dwelling-place,
look down, great God, and save.

From fervid noonday's blinding glare, the
 simoom's fiery breath,
From phantom-springs which gleam afar to
 lure us on to death ;
From raging fever-pangs of thirst, which nature
 may not brave,—
Look down from heaven, thy dwelling-place,
 look down, great God, and save !
O Father ! lonely men are we, upon a distant
 shore ;
An arid waste behind us lies, a weary land
 before ;
But gentle prayers are following fast upon our
 devious track,—
O give us to those loving hearts in peace and
 safety back !

No stately mosque above our heads its turret
 rears on high,
Our altar is the desert sand, our minaret the
 sky ;
But the universe Thy temple is, wherein let all
 adore
Thy glorious name, who art, and wert, and
 shall be evermore.

II.

PRAYER IN THE FOREST.

Suggested by a Passage in the Life of Elliot.

It was an autumn morning fair,
Ere yet the sun was high,
But the early mists were passed away,
And placid was the sky ;
When on the turf, beside the wood,
Five hundred Indian warriors stood,
And keenly turned the listening ear,
The white man's coming step to hear.

He came — but not with sword or plume,
Bright helm or glance of pride,
His robe was of the forest woof,
A cap of wild-deer's hide
Above his parted locks he wore,
And in his hand a scroll he bore.

They, gathering, thronged — the wild, the free,
 Around that lonely man ;
And many a piercing eye was bent
 His face and form to scan ;
But on his mild and open brow,
No trace of terror did he show,
And backward, silent and amazed,
They drew, yet still in wonder gazed.

The stranger kneeled — and toward his God
 He raised his forehead bare,
And in his earnest native tongue
 He poured a rapid prayer :
Perchance his prayer he could not frame,
Those rugged Indian words to name ;
The warriors silent stood, and near,
That noble foreign speech to hear.

Then to the listening chiefs he turned,
 And in their language spoke ;
His kindling words with fervor burned,
 His voice like music broke
Upon a stillness so profound,
You started from the lightest sound.

Good Lord ! 't were worth ten years of life
 That forest church to see !

Its pillars of the living pine,
 Its dome, the arching tree !
While round and round, in circling band,
The savage Indian hunters stand ;
And in the centre — all alone —
The fearless and devoted one !

He told of mercy — full and deep,
 And boundless as the sea ;
And of a bright one who was slain
 To set his children free ;
And of a glorious world on high,
 For those who faithful be !
And ever as his theme grew higher,
His pale cheek flushed with living fire ;
His sweet low voice rang proudly out,
And rose to an exulting shout !

Then with the pleading tones of love
 He sought their hearts to win ;
He told them of his holy book,
 And all that lay within ;
And when he marked their bosoms swell,
He spoke his blessing — and farewell !

Full many an outstretched hand sprung forth
 Their passing friend to greet,

For they wist not that upon this earth
They ever more might meet ;
And kindly wish, and kindlier word
From many a swarthy lip was heard ;
But there was *one* apart who crept,
And turned his face away — and wept.

Aye, *wept* ! The haughty Indian chief
Even to the dust was bowed —
The strong man's soul was touched with grief,
And he must weep aloud !
But none may hear an Indian's moan —
He rushed into the woods alone :

Yet not unmarked — his gentle friend
Upon his footsteps trod ;
And, kneeling down beside him there,
He prayed for him to God !
Then went rejoicing on his way,
O'er all the blessings of that day !

WRITTEN AFTER MANY SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

I *shall* sleep,
When the mandate comes from the land un-
known,
To say that the years of Time are gone !
Then shall my slumber be long and lone —
Still and deep !

Now waken !
For the restlessness of earth is round thee,
Weary spirit ! and earth *will* wound thee,
Yet its sharpest thorns have never found thee
Forsaken !

Thou mayest see,
If thou look back on thy parted years,
And their mingled tissue of smiles and tears,
That He, whose hand upholds the spheres,
Was with *thee*.

Day and night,
Who hath sustained, protected, healed, —
And “compassed thee round as with a shield?”
In boundless love and power revealed,
God of Light!

Peace and rest
Hath *He* not promised to them that stay
Their souls on Him, in this house of clay?
Albeit the rough and perilous way
Seem unblest!

Wind nor wave,
Storm nor tempest, nor man's annoy,
Nor aught that troubleth our earthly joy,
Shall evermore “hurt or destroy”
In the grave!

THE SEA-SHORE.

How sweet upon a sultry day
Along the sea's cool shore to stray!

And watch the sun when riding high
Upon the blue and cloudless sky ;
And, walking on the quiet strand,
To view the ships approach the land !
See how the sailors brisk and brave
Sail joyfully upon the wave,
And how delighted they appear,
As their *own* land approaches near ;
And see the faces on the shore
Looking the far off billows o'er
For those they love — that little one
To clasp its father's knee is gone ;
That tall girl, who is running by,
Has met a darling brother's eye ;
And she who with that smiling face
Is hastening on her weary pace,
Has come from many a distant mile
To greet again a husband's smile.

How sweet the sight ! is it not sweet
To see when friends and brothers meet ?
Now climb the cliff — the beach is full —
O yes ! that sight is beautiful —
Glad voices are upon the air,
And many a happy face is there ;
And there are welcomes on the tongue —

And there the aged heart feels young,
To meet once more his own brave boy —
Look — is it not a scene of joy ?

Now let us go — the cool sea breeze
Is rising swifter through the trees ;
And freshens o'er the trembling sea
So lately all tranquillity.
Now let us go, for we have been
Partakers in the pleasant scene ;
The soft gale has revived our brow,
Hot with the summer's noontide glow ;
And so upon our weary heart
Sweet thoughts and feelings to impart,
Has, more than we can well express,
The sight of human happiness.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

Thy path has long been in the shade,
Thy voice is mute in sadness ;

Soon did thy early roses fade —
A gloom came o'er thy gladness.

Ne'er sprang there upon life's sweet day
A happier heart than thine,
Nor e'er rejoicing on their way
More lovely hopes could shine.

Thy brow was fair, thy eye was bright,
Thy lip wore pleasure's smile,
The light of rapture o'er thy sight
Played softly for awhile.

Thy flowing curls serenely lay
Upon a tranquil breast,
And thy voice of music was more gay
Than aught that heaven's arch blest.

And now — thy brow is bright no more,
No joy is in thy song ;
The sparkling of thine eye is o'er —
O ! life hath done thee wrong.

The faithless trust, the blighted heart,
The crushed hope, thine were all,
One hour saw future love depart,
And thy fairy visions fall.

Yet o'er thy path a light shall break,
A radiance through thy sorrow ;
Thou from thy trance of grief shalt wake,
To hail a lovelier morrow.

Yes, sweetest — yet again the beam
Of youth's bright bliss shall shed
A brilliance o'er thy sorrowing dream,
A halo round thy head.

Thine be the gentler, truer vow
Of spirit like thine own ;
The rose again shall deck thy brow,
The loves resume their throne.

Thy long dishevelled curls again
Shall form a sunny braid,
And, gentle heart, no longer then
Thy path be in the shade.

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY CHILD.

"It is not the will of our Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

THE day is beautiful, and nature springs
To life and light again. Where art thou gone,
In thy young bloom, my own, my lovely one?
Nor sun, nor balmy air thy image brings
To bless my longing eyes. The violet flings
Its rath perfume around—sweet warblers own
Their joy in varied song—yet sad, alone,
Can I rejoice, when all surrounding things
Tell of thy opening beauty, shrouded now
In the cold precincts of the silent tomb?
I did not think to weep thy early doom,
My best beloved! yet would I meekly bow
To His decree, who, in the words of love,
"She will not perish," whispers from above.

TO EARTH.



I owe thee much, for thou hast borne me long,
 " With all my imperfections on my head,"
And, in my devious progress, right and wrong,
 In patient kindness, given me daily bread ;
Albeit it has been steeped in burning tears
 Through my remembered years.

I owe thee much, for, in my hours of grief,
 Thou hast spread out thy beauty ! The tall
 tree,
In the green glory of its summer leaf —
 The gray and lofty rock — the mighty sea —
Have come between my spirit and its woe,
 And softer tears would flow.

Yes, *my own mountains!* I have felt your
 power

 In my heart's secret places, dark and lone,
And soared above the agony of the hour ;

For ye have called me with o'ermastering
tone :
That, from the desert, and its stony track,
Bore me to childhood back.

And the old ocean — as his restless wave
For ever breaks upon the shining sand,
Hath told me that his distant waters lave
Some lovely, wild, and solitary land ;
Where the worn sufferer, after hope is dead,
May rest the weary head.

I owe thee much for all thy sunny fields,
Thy hawthorn hedge-rows, and the purple
bell
Of the small flower the sheltering copse-wood
shields,
And the wild bee that lurks within its cell ;
For thou hast kept them separate from the strife
And weariness of life.

Yea ! and thy silent haunts, and grassy nooks,
Where even the timorous hare is rarely
started ;
And the low murmur of thy crystal brooks
Are blessings, precious to the broken-hearted

And whilst thou keepest these apart, and pure,
Then man can still endure.

And he shall die thy debtor! Thou preparest
His ark of refuge, on thine own still breast;
And though he leave behind his best and fairest,
Not even *their* voices shall disturb his rest.
Nor all thy sons rejoice in, or deplore,
Awake him evermore.

THE MOON.

If I could dwell with thee, fair moon; if I could
dwell with thee,
And look from out thy silver halls, far over
land and sea;
If I could glide through fields of air, with such
a step as thine,
What, if I kept a human heart, what wish
would then be mine?
To be — what *thou* art — to be guide and
leading star to Him,

Whose glory gilds that higher world, where
even thine grows dim ;
Thus, on the desolate to pour a flood of radiance
bright,
Then gladly sink, disused, forgot, before that
better light.

To be, fair moon, what thou hast been, as I
remember well,
A glorious and enlivening sight, a never-failing
spell ;
Before whose influence, calm and mild, I saw
the pure soul rise,
And floods of deeper tenderness gush from the
melting eyes —

To fall, as now thy white beams fall, upon her
lowly bed,
To tell us, with a quivering smile, our loved
one is not dead ;
Perhaps in every darkened hour her minister
to be,
Speaking, with thousand things beside, her
viewless agency.
Has she not bathed in deeper floods of love
divine her soul ?

And is not love the mighty power that bade
thee onward roll ?

O why then lift to heaven mine eye, why gaze
on earth beneath,

Nor deem that all things bright and fair *may*
feel her quickening breath ?

And there is deepest harmony in that reviving
thought,

Thou, meek and lowly as a child, still ready to
be taught ;

Thou 'rt heard in every passing breeze, art seen
in all I see,

And all the pure, the bright, the fair, are types
and signs of thee.

THE INFANT'S HOME.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF TWIN CHILDREN.

WHERE are ye now, sweet pair ?
Vacant is now your place of cradled rest ;

Ye slumber not upon a mother's breast,
Where is your home — O ! where ?

How beautiful ye were,
With your meek, peaceful brows, and laughing
eyes,
All eloquent of life's first energies,
And joy's bright fount, yet clear.

How blithely ye awoke
With each new day ; familiar forms were there
To meet your eager glance — kind voices near
In gentle accents spoke.

Ye seemed then to be,
As some pale flower, that to the morning's light
Rears its frail stem, and spreads its petals bright,
As if confidingly.

And when, at evening's close,
Those little hands, relaxing from the grasp,
That some dear object held, with loving clasp,
Ye sunk into repose,

Love made your slumber seem
As the closed flowers, o'er which the silent star

Keepeth its ceaseless vigil from afar,
And sheds its unfelt beam.

I looked upon you then
With thoughts almost of sorrow in my gaze,
As on a passing joy, which other days
Would make not mine again.

I feared some change might sweep
Through the untroubled breast, and leave its
stain ;
Some unsuspected ill, some bitter pain,
Mar with sad dreams your sleep.

I know that change *has* past
O'er you, sweet, tender nurslings ! but I know
Your spirits now will never taste of woe, —
That change will be the last.

Ye are before me now,
As ye were wont to be — no beauty gone
That in those eyes, even when tearful, shone,
No charm from that pure brow.

Too calm, too deeply still
Is that unchanging picture ; yet a part

Of the sweet visions of the past, my heart
Can make its own at will.

And thus ye are mine own, —
Mine own, to dwell upon, with quiet love ;
Thoughts the world cannot touch, nor time
remove —
From me ye are not gone.

I ask not where are laid
Those faded forms — whether below the sod
Which busy feet have with indifference trod,
Or 'neath some kindly shade.

Where, on earth's tranquil breast,
The peace of the Eternal One hath smiled.
E'en as a mother o'er her cradled child,
There is your place of rest.

He, who mankind shall wake,
Over his children's rest a watch doth keep,
And, with a voice that breathes of love, the sleep
Of innocence will break.

Not in that simple tomb,
But in "our Father's house," where love shall be

- Abiding, even in its own sanctuary,
There is the infant's home.
-

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

'T is the purest feeling the earth can claim,
For it breathes of the heaven from whence it
came ;

'T is stronger than death, for its holy light
Can brighten the gloom of the mourner's night ;
'T is a love round which flowerets of Eden
twine,

Mother ! dear mother, that love is thine.

Sharing the joys of our early day,
And turning the thorns from our youthful way,
In pain as in health has thy love been shown ;
By a mother alone may its strength be known —
Boundless, it flows from its source divine.

Mother ! dear mother, such love is thine.

Yes — time can never the thought efface,
Though faintly my pen may the picture trace ;

O ! that our future years may prove
We were worthy the gift of a mother's love,
The brightest flowers on earth we may twine,
But we never again shall see love like thine.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

THOSE once loved voices all are still,
In happier years so cheerful !
At rest is now the ecstatic thrill ;
The once fair form — how fearful !
All, all are laid within the grave !
Nor tears nor prayers e'en one could save !

“ Is there no hope ? ” the parent cries ;
“ From death no glad revival ?
The cherished dust, in dust that lies,
What world waits its arrival ? ”
— “ That world, where Christ is gone before,
Is theirs and thine, for evermore. ”

O blissful scene ! where severed hearts
Renew the ties most cherished ;

Where nought the mourned and mourner parts ;
Where grief with life is perished.
O ! nought do I desire so well,
As here to die, and there to dwell !

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

" Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep." — *Milton*.

CALL back the visions of the past,
Bid memory's sea give up its dead,
And try if thou shalt find, at last,
Some balm on thy worn bosom shed ;
Alas ! alas ! such spirits come
Enwrapped and veiled in hopeless gloom ;
They are of perished things, of joys of earth !
That sickened, withered, died, and have no
second birth.

•

O, blest were they who could believe
The mysteries of fairy lore ;
Who listened on the summer's eve,
When the soft waves just swept the shore,
And fancied, in each ripple small,
They heard a fairy's footstep fall,
And in the wind's breath, through the linden
shoots,
Caught the sweet breathing of unearthly harps
and lutes.

And they were blest in ancient days,
Who dreamed of spirits on the wave,
Who sweetly chanted syren lays
In many a lonely coral cave ;
Who peopled every forest bower,
And every grot, nay, every flower,
With sylphs and guardian genii, kindly given
To watch the earth, whilst they immortal were
as heaven.

Have *we* no fond imaginings,
To cheer our hearts in hours of grief ?
Have *we* no quiet, secret springs,
From whence we draw the pure relief ?

O ! who could look upon the rose,
Or watch the daylight's glorious close,
Nor feel a thrill of joy, of power intense,
That says, we have with things unseen intelli-
gence.

'T is not the dream of joys gone by,
That lights our pathway like a star ;
Friends *were* with us, but passed on high
We feel our own beloved ones *are*.
And, ministering spirits, these
Are messengers of heavenly peace.
O it is sweet to dream their holy eyes
Are watching us afar, from the eternal skies !

Sweet to the weary heart, to think
“ Perchance they yet may walk the earth ; ”
That when the trembling soul would shrink
At death's dread summons to go forth,
That these may whisper promises
Of hope, of faith, of perfect bliss,
And bid us fear death's “ narrow sea ” no more,
Since there their drooping heads were well
sustained before.

It may be fancy's power, yet some
Have deemed that to their dying bed
Their parted friends have smiling come,
To chase away the clouds of dread.
O ! mourn not thou art left below,
Whilst friends to realms immortal go !
How canst thou tell but these prepared shall be,
In life's dim closing hour, to minister to thee ?

VERSES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG-
EST SON.

BLESS thee, may heaven bless thee, my sweet
boy,
My fond heart whispers oft, when none can
hear,
Bless thy young face, thy speaking glance of
joy,
Thy glowing cheek, where childhood's transient
tear

Seldom hath dimmed the smile, to me so dear ;
Thy voice, whose bird-like music doth proclaim
The untaught gladness springing in thy breast ;
Or now, in murmuring tones thy mother's name
Breathes from thy parted lips, when, gently
 pressed
With kiss of holiest love, she lays thee down
 to rest.

And when by sleep's soft touch thy laughing
 eyes
Are lightly closed, lingering, I love to gaze
Upon thy peaceful beauty, till arise
Bright visions o'er my soul of future days,
Of boyhood's fearless truth, and well-earned
 praise, —
Of youth's first, pure, and ardent love of all
The good and beautiful in nature found, —
Of manhood, foremost at his country's call
Her freedom to defend, and see unbound
Chains, which too long have borne her children
 to the ground.

Thus doth my hopeful fancy dare to trace
The bright perspective of approaching years ;

For how can I behold that tranquil face,
And think care's withering touch, or sorrow's
tears

Must quench its light ! No, hence, foreboding
fears !

I know that thou in life's distress must share,
But at thy side, the cherished of thy love,
A fond and faithful one I picture there,
Whose gentle voice each sorrow shall remove,
Or lead thy chastened heart to rest in God
above !

HOURS OF NIGHT.

Hours of night ! within your silence,
Holiest thoughts and feelings dwell ;
Deep, how deep, the heart's emotions,
Language may not, cannot tell !

Memory then, with magic vision,
Darts her glance o'er years gone by,

And, the blotted page beholding,
Frequent heaves the unbidden sigh.

Then, O ! then, the dark remembrance
Of a sin yet unsubdued,
Comes upon the sorrowing spirit,
Breaking down its fortitude !

And the thought of those beloved ones
Who on earth still bless our sight,
Seems to brighten in the darkness
Of the still and solemn night.

Then our spirit, all-confiding,
Ssprings from earth to God on high,
Then his heavenly peace descending,
Comes to calm and sanctify.

Hours of night ! O come and bring us
Healing on your noiseless wing,
Tears of memory ! falling o'er us,
Bid the flowers of hope to spring !

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



FATHER — universal Lord !
Thou — in heaven and earth adored !
Hallowed be thine awful name,
Endless thine unbounded fame !

Let thy promised kingdom come ;
Wandering hearts and tribes call home ;
Nor let man thy love confine ;
Hearts and worlds unknown be thine !

May thy will be done on earth,
As by all of heavenly birth :
By their praise may we be fired,
By their heavenly aims inspired !

Daily bread thy children need ;
Lord ! each day thy children feed :
Pardon too we seek above,
As our pardoned foes we love.

From temptation's dangerous hour
Keep us by thy mighty power :
Or, if tried our souls must be,
From the evil set us free !

Thine the kingdom is, and was,
Uncontrolled o'er nature's laws :
Thine the power all worlds obey, —
Thine the glory they display !

SONNET.

AMIDST thy living wonders as I stand,
Where all is light and beauty, and the sun
Above, a glorious world, his race doth run,
And shed heaven's radiance at thy high command,
O God ! I pause, and fain would raise my eyes,
Though weak and dim, to that still brighter sphere,
Where thou, divine Creator, wilt appear,

And give the virtuous mansions in thy skies.

O! blest are they — the pure, the wise, the
good ;

Though sprung from dust, they yet shall soar
above,

Drink of the immortal fountains of thy love,

And own thy mercy an eternal flood,

Look down with joy on virtuous efforts past,

And bless Thee as their *great reward* at last.

THE PESTILENCE.

THE pestilence is gone forth :

It walketh in darkness, unknown its path,

Silent its step, yet dominion it hath

Far o'er the trembling earth.

It withereth as a blight,

It boweth the young in their noon of day,

It mocketh at time and his tardy sway,

It bringeth a sudden night.

It breathes on the morning air,
It wastes when the mid-day sun mounts high,
It comes with the dew and twilight sky,
In the stilly night, 't is there.

It breaks on the festal hour,
Amidst maddening revelry, wild uproar,
It stands ; like the angel on the shore,*
It speaks with a voice of power,

Proclaiming, time is expired.
To him, who presumes on to-morrow's sun,
Its sentence is brief, thou deluded one,
" This night is thy soul required."

It lurks where a father stands,
With the sparkling goblet with poison filled,
From the staff of his children's life distilled,
Held in his unnerved hands ;

Where famine is hovering near,
Where the mother bends o'er her early dead,
Whose disease was hunger, whose cry for bread
Is still lingering on her ear ;

* Rev. x. 2 — 5.

Where, with unnatural skill,
The scanty morsel, which nature demands,
The weak child guards, with its bony hands,
From one weaker, fainter still.

Not soon will its victims fail,
While crime and famine stalk boldly forth,
While abject sorrow and dreadful mirth
Bid the distemper "All hail."

Must these things be ever so ?
Have not we a trust in the world to keep,
A sacred charge o'er our Master's sheep,
And lambs of his fold below ?

Even yet his commands remain,
That we give them not only perishing bread
And the shallow stream, by which mortals fed
Must hunger and thirst again ;

But a good, which is not of earth ;
That we speak glad tidings from door to door,
And arouse a spirit among the poor,
A sense of their being's worth.

God called us by mercies long,
By the rich abundance which crowned the
plain,
By the scattered fruits and the hoarded grain,
Gathered 'midst gladness and song ;

By our joyful hopes above,
By the promised harvest, which *there* shall be,
By our knowledge of men's high destiny,
To this work of peace and love.

How long were we slow to save !
And he calls us now by a voice, that comes
With a stirring sound through our hearts and
homes,
And reverberates from the tombs.

HYMN.



WHEN on the world's wide sea we roam,
Unheeding, on destruction's brink ;
When tempest-tost, and far from home,
Our little bark begins to sink ;
O hear us, when to thee we run,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son.

When in our flesh the piercing thorn
Shall ask for many a bitter tear ;
Or when by savage tigers torn,
We have no kind physician near ;
O heal us, when to Thee we run,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son.

When at that great and final day,
Sorrow comes o'er us as a flood ;
When hope, all pallid, shrinks away,
And justice loudly calls for blood ;
O save us, when to Thee we run,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son.

A DYING MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

My boy, my boy, and must we part, and must
 I go from thee,
Thee, who hast had, perhaps, too much of my
 idolatry ?
I am passing to the world unseen, am standing
 on its brink,
I feel it is because of thee, that thus I faint and
 shrink ;
My youth's bright dreams of bliss. have been
 all realized in thee,
'Thy life hath been a second spring of hope and
 joy to me ;
And now that age is on my brow, and death is
 at my heart,
I would ask, if with my spirit's hopes too closely
 linked thou art ?
I have watched thee at thy childish sports, more
 happy far than thou,
I have marked thee through thy ripening years,
 yes, even until now ;

I have longed to see the mark of soul impressed
 upon thy face,
And yearned in thy lip and eye thy Father's
 smile to trace ;
Thou hast been my happy dream by night, my
 pleasing care by day,
The thought that round my heart like the summer
 breeze did play ;
I have gazed upon thy every path, till I loved
 the very sod,
Which thy placid cheek at noon-tide pressed,
 thy foot at evening trod.

It was not as the worldly love the objects of
 their pride,
Not as the vassal loves the chief for whom he
 would have died,
Not as the warrior, the prize he has purchased
 by his sword,
Or the miser, the long treasured gold that swells
 his secret hoard,
Not as the statesman loves the cause that wins
 his way to fame,
Not as the poet loves the strain that has gained
 a deathless name,
But with affection pure and true, as a feeling
 from above,

With a fondness that has no compeer — aye
with a mother's love.

I sometimes feared this cherished joy, which
seemed of heavenly birth,

And had my heart's devotion, might be too
much of earth ;

But a strong and blessed confidence comes o'er
me in this hour,

A clearer light is with me now, a more dis-
cerning power.

God, who has taught us to address to him a
child-like prayer,

And likened his own perfect love unto a parent's
care,

Will not as weakness, or as guilt, his creature's
love condemn,

The faint resemblance of that care which he
has shown for them.

Yes, — if I have not sacrificed all other claims
to thine,

Surrendered with a selfish love, because that
thou wert mine,

I still may hope to feel that bliss within my
soul revive,

Which never in this yearning heart will lan-
guish while I live;

I may hear thy unforgetton voice join the arch-
angel's song,
And know my own beloved one amidst a holy
throng.
May see thee, by the light that breaks the
shadows of the tomb,
A portion of my happiness in the bright world
to come.

THE ADIEU.

I LEAVE thee, dear one, leave thee, and long the
time must be,
And spring must bloom, and summer shine, ere
I return to thee ;
And when the well-known door again is opened
to my call,
I perhaps may hear thy little feet resounding in
the hall.

And all thy infant helplessness will then have
passed away ;
Thou wilt not have remembered me for many
a distant day ;
And tones of mine, thou fondest one, will fall
upon thine ear
Even as a stranger's voice might come that
never had been dear.

My smile will be a stranger's smile, and yet
this heart for thee
Will utter many an absent prayer upon a bend-
ed knee,
And in sadness or in sorrow that face will oft
arise,
And, like a seraph's shine o'er me with those
blue, peaceful eyes.

RETROSPECTION.



AND this is Retrospection — not alone
A glance cast back 'midst the world's toil
and strife,
A faded picture by a dim light shewn,
A dull, faint outline of the past of life.

It is the spirit's sojourn in the land,
The sunset land of unforgotten things ;
'T is boyhood's feelings sketched by manhood's
hand,
With all the power and strength which man-
hood brings.

'T is youth's returning freshness, and the glow
Of young affection lent to elder years ;
It gives the autumn of our lives to know
All the spring yielded, save its hopes and
fears.

But is the past all pleasant ? Is there not
Aught that we would not memory should
retain ?

May she not make the changes in our lot
Powerfully vivid to our eyes again ?

Blessings we *had*, and *have* not — what a world
Of woe that single sentence doth express !
Who, that had been from joy's high places
hurled,
Would turn to look on his lost happiness ?

The cherished long — the absent — and the
dead, —

Is it the thought of them we would forget ?
No rather let us give it power to shed
A lingering brightness o'er our pathway yet.

For those still with us joyous love we feel,
A sympathy of smiles, and not of tears ;
And, if for them some anxious thoughts will
steal

Upon us, love them better for such fears.

And the departed — they are not like flowers
Which we may trifle with, awhile may leave ;

Familiar playmates of our sunlit hours,
And kindred mourners in our clouded eve ;

But like the beautiful, bright stars that dwell
In distance, and in silence. And 't is given
To these, their emblems, as they shine, to tell
What lovely light earth borroweth from
heaven.

Why should we then their holy memories keep
In sad, unbroken stillness ? Let us turn
Unto the light they left to us, nor weep
In bitterness and darkness o'er their urn.

And of the absent let us think with smiles,
(Partings that make our meetings call for
these,)
And where their voice our loneliness beguiles,
Their images our loving fancy please.

Then let our thoughts in cheerful patience rest,
To mourn them more were but to love them
less ;
Precious they are, but ever honored best
When we endow them with the power to
bless.

God wills we should be happy, and we make
Our friends the ministers of this his will,
When from their love our happiness we take,
Which even absence cannot turn to ill.

Would that this truth, on every human mind,
In words of light and beauty were impressed,
That, with a being for pure bliss designed,
Our happiest feelings ever are our best.

That which was bright in its reality,
That which was beautiful while yet possess-
ed,
Cannot lose all of its felicity,
By being shrined within our faithful breast.

It must be blissful while affection lives,
To rouse its buried sweetness by her powers ;
And retrospection, whose enchantment gives
“ In dreams, the moonlight of its morning
hours.”

THE PLANTER'S LAST HOUR.

I SAW a chamber in the abode of pride,
With all of rest that could be bought with
gold,
There was a bed of down, high canopied,
And curtained round with damask's crimson
fold;
The windows were deep veiled, and yet a ray,
A single ray of the sweet sun-light shone
Through the dim room, which on that couch
did play,
And on the brow of him who lay thereon.

But he was dying — O there was a look
On his shrunk face, which moved convul-
sively,
And all his features quivered as he shook,
As though a vision met his glazing eye.
The hireling nurse was there, and serving men
Waited his bidding, yet he was alone —

Alone — their hearts were not with him — and
when

He spoke, how deep and hollow was the tone,
Which would so soon be silent — yet though
then

The gurgling sound of death was in his
throat,

He lifted his faint voice yet once again.

It needed not a bended ear to note

His accents, 'midst that silence most profound;

For each and every word the hush that broke
Was horribly distinct, as if its sound

Would fain be heard forever — thus he spoke :

“ I stood within a crowded mart — I bought

That which was there exposed for sale, which
gold,

Of course, made justly mine — it mattered
nought

What were the creatures that were bought
and sold ;

They were but chattels. Did I treat them well

Or ill, or what of food or rest I gave !

Is that all ye would ask, or I should tell ?

Why was *one* tyrant, and the *other* slave ?

“Had I the right to vest me with a power
Unlimited, to deal out misery ;
To trust my own weak nature with a dower
Of such momentous import ; or was I
Free to impress my name upon each brow —
To bend his will beneath my iron rod ?
‘That is the question,’ and that question now
Eternity must answer — O my God !

“He was to me but as my dog, my steed,
Or as the tool with which I wrote his doom ;
But now he turns and asks me of that deed ;
He looks up to me from his early tomb,
And with a face so human, and a voice,
A *brother's* voice, even like *his* who played
With me in childhood, where free birds rejoice,
And tinkling rills flow by the chestnut shade.

“And hark ! I hear his heart throb as my own,
I see the life-blood flowing in his veins,
Quickened by feelings I did long disown,
Or kept in vile subjection to my chains ;
E'en as my soul is *his* ; that truth I find,
Now, that all truth lies naked to my view.
I bought him — could I know the thing had
mind,
Immortal mind ! and did I buy that too ? ”

The palidness of death came o'er his clay ;
He ceased, and pressed his eyelids close, as
 though
That slave with his fixed gaze did still essay
 To look upon his heart, and its last throw ;
His mouth grew rigid — the expression flung
 Around his unclosed lips told he had tried
To answer to that quest — but that his tongue
 Stiffened, ere utterance came, — and thus he
 died.

But still, that clear, bright ray of sunshine
 sought
His dark brow, pillowed in deep silence then ;
What did it there, but to betray the thought
 Of him, the man who trafficked in men ?

ON HEARING THE MIDNIGHT PEAL
ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

How different are the years that meet,
As yonder bell peals through the air

One with its records all complete,
The other — O ! what may it bear
Upon the yet unsullied leaves,
Ere it the final word receives.

Ere closed and clasped from mortal care,
This volume, like the last, shall be
Looked back upon as things which were,
Now past into — eternity.
Not into empty space, but laid
Where ne'er one line or word shall fade.

Where, whatsoe'er those words may be,
Or foolish, idle, or profane,
We shall once more their image see,
When we would blot them out in vain ;
When, shrinking back in fear and shame,
We hear what follies bear our name.

O let us try, as we impress
Effaceless lines on every page,
At least, to make some few express
Ideas worthy to engage
Eternal records — some which may
Speak comfort at our closing day !

THE STUDENT.

"He knelt down by my bed, and prayed. My soul was thrilled by the sound of that voice, so familiar, and so loved, and a thousand tender recollections crowded upon my mind. I was refreshed and strengthened as I listened, and lifted nearer to heaven." —

Jotham Anderson.

I ROSE in all the pride of youth,
To hail the light that round me lay,
Thirsting for knowledge and for truth,
My soul sprang on her heavenly way;
In vain the mysteries of the past,
Still sealed, before my eyes were cast.

I proudly thought to lift that veil,
Which holier hearts than mine had tried,
Who with long years of study pale,
Still found their loftier faith defied;
'Tis mine! I cried, that meed to gain —
Alas! that dream! how fond and vain!

An eye above beheld my pride,
As bending o'er the midnight oil,
How earthly and unsanctified
The motives that still urged my toil ;
How, in that unseen mental strife,
I wasted power, and health, and life.

Yes ! mortal glory shone around,
Its beams seemed kindling o'er my brow ;
I thought my youth's long sufferings crowned,
The hour of struggle over now ;
But He above the incense spurned
Which with an earthly splendor burned.

With holier aims and purer fires
He bade my spirit seek his shrine,
Resign to Him my heart's desires,
And raise them to a crown divine ;
And in humility and tears
He bade me walk my future years.

That chastening hand soon laid me low ;
Imagination, wisdom, power, —
What were they in my overthrow, —
O ! could they soothe my dying hour ?
A still small voice was whispering there,
“ Thy pride is fallen — thy hope is prayer.”

The weight of death lay on my heart,
My trembling lips refused to pray,
As, one by one, I saw depart
The trusts of that aspiring day ;
Confused and stricken, then I sought
Some anchor for my parting thought.

And I was not forsaken. He
I served so faithlessly was near ;
His pitying eye was over me,
And marking every secret fear ;
And in that hour of wild alarms
He gave a parent to my arms.

The aged knees for me were bent,
I heard the voice so long beloved ;
A calm into my soul was sent,
And every sense was sweetly moved ;
For tender memories thronged around
Again at that familiar sound.

I wept, and all my weakness owned, —
Those sacred words unbound my grief ;
The truth, the way, the life I found,
As on His breast I sought relief,
And owned, subdued, the light of heaven
To humble hearts alone is given.

SONNET.

TO — , ON HER BIRTHDAY.

—

Now with a fonder love, and warmer prayer,
Than erst in years gone by, again I raise
A song of joy for thee ; and as in days
Departed, we were ever wont to share
Each smile and tear, and mingle every care,
So hear once more, beloved, the hope that
plays
Unchanged around my heart, and sheds its
rays
Upon thy onward path — whether it wear
The aspect of delight, or sorrow give
The semblance of a woe : yet in thy breast,
Guileless and pure, unnumbered joys shall live,
Safe in His love who makes His children
blest ;
And still in heart, and mind, I'll share with
thee
Those joys — the earnest of eternity.

SONNET.

WITH A TESTAMENT.

My friend beloved ! if o'er thy trembling soul
Almighty Wisdom pours His light of love,
With untired zeal the holy gift improve,
And every rising doubt and fear control.
For it shall guide thee to the heavenly goal
Of virtue, freedom, truth ; and thou shalt
rove
Through walks on high in which blest spirits
move,
Tuning their harps where living streamlets roll.
Then bind this sacred offering on thy heart,
And guard it as thy life ; and though my
voice,
Salute thine ear no more — and though we part,
'Mid life's eventful scenes, we will rejoice,
United still, to search the page divine,
And win the wreaths angelic hands shall twine.

SONNET.

AGAIN I see thee, in the house of prayer,
 Raise thy meek eyes above ; and purest praise
 Once more to heaven, in sweet and hallow-
 ed lays,
Flows from my mournful lips. Yes — heavy
 care
Has paled thy cheek since last I saw thee here,
 And cast thick shades of sorrow on thy brow.
 The God of peace be with thee ! and bestow
A blessing on thy sorrowing. May the tear
For him thou loved, be mingled with the joy
 That cannot perish — in thy fane, O God !
 Still let thy servant kiss the chastening rod,
And holiest thoughts her aching heart employ ;
Whilst hopes of heavenly birth shall gild the
 gloom,
And chase the horrors of the silent tomb.

SONNET.

JOHN, CHAP. XI.

"I AM the resurrection and the life —
He who believes in me shall never die."
These, Master, were thy words; and still
rely
My hopes unmoved upon them, 'mid the strife
Of earthly care; — and then I follow thee
To the cold grave where Lazarus is laid —
I see thy tears, and Mary asks thine aid —
The aid is present. "That thou heardst me,
Father, I thank thee;" and thou criest aloud
To Lazarus, "Come forth!" he lives, he
breathes,
The funeral garb is rent, the many wreaths
Of death are torn away, and the pale shroud,
Whilst wondering forms around the Savior
move,
And own the presence of Almighty Love.

SONNET.

MATTHEW, CHAP. XI.

“COME unto me,” the heavenly Teacher said,
“ All ye with labor and with toil opprest,
And I will give your wearied spirits rest ;
And bear my yoke, and in my footsteps tread,
For I am meek and lowly, and will lead
Your souls to peace ; for gentle is my yoke,
My burthen light,” — O ! not in vain were
spoke,
Savior, thy words of mercy ; still decreed
To cheer my drooping soul, upon its way
Through earthly scenes of trial, care, and
strife.
Yes, I will come to thee : thy words of life
Shall calm each anxious thought, and chase
away
The hopes, the fears, the vain desires that rise,
To lure my spirit from its kindred skies.

SONNET.

MATTHEW, CHAP. XXVIII.

At early morn before the Savior's tomb,
The holy women wept — the conscious world
Shook with an earthquake — and amid the
gloom

An angel form appeared, and instant hurled
The mighty stone away — immortal bloom
Was round about him, and as lightning shone
His eyes and polished brow — the soldiers,
come

To guard the sacred sepulchre, fell down
Like dead men to the earth, o'ercome with fear.

Then spoke the angel messenger — "I know
Ye seek the Christ — fear not, he is not here,
For He is risen, as he promised — lo!
I've told you — and He goes to Galilee;
There once again the Savior ye shall see."

SONNET.

YES, it was happiness! though earthly joy
Was distant far, and though sad thoughts
arose

For other's weal, to chase my heart's repose,
Yet it was bliss, to know the dear employ
Of leading souls to Thee, O God of Love!

On those who sat within the shade of death
Pouring Thy living light — and, when the
breath

Of morning rose, with willing feet to move,
And guide young hearts to kindle at the shrine
Of nature's Lord — as in each happy hand

I clasped a loved one, links of that dear band
Whose early sweetness round my soul entwine,
Leading their infant spirits on the way
To virtue's heights, and heaven's eternal day.

SONNET.

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Ye seek the Christ — fear not, he is not here,

For He is risen, as he promised — lo!
I've told you — and He goes to Galilee;
There once again the Savior ye shall see."

Heaven speed thee safely, lovely bark ! upon
thy destined way,
Till thou shalt gain the joyful shore where no
rude billows play ;
Thus may *thy* gentle spirit on life's cheerful
ocean move,
Till thou shalt hail a haven bright — “ a better
land ” of love !

THE FAREWELL.

Go ! blest with the hope that will never forsake
thee,
And open thy heart to the pleasures around ;
Though the voice thou hast loved may no longer
awake thee
To joy, nor thy ear may be blest with the
sound,
Which in days gone for ever was hope and was
bliss ;

Yet sigh not, nor look to the years that are
 flown.
For thy heart hath a treasure far richer than
 this,
A joy that is purely and deeply its own.

There lives the high spirit of silent devotion,
 And charity lights up her beautiful shrine,
And every lovely and hallowed emotion
 Of virtue and kindness for ever is thine.

And thine is the voice which in dews of the
 morning,
More light than the lark's, is ascending to
 heaven ;
And in the pale glow of the evening's returning,
 Thine too are the hopes which to angels are
 given.

Thy head is laid down on its pillow to rest,
 As calm as the sun when it sinks on the
 wave ;
And the soft happy visions that play round thy
 breast,
Return in the night dreams, to soothe and to
 save.

Thy life hath no shade, for the tears of distress
Fall tenderly from thee, like dew on the rose ;
While the hope which is ever around thee to
bless,
Grows brighter as youth, life, and happiness
close.

Farewell ! though the voice thou hast loved
may no more
Breathe the memory of years that for ever
are gone,
And the dream of those young days we cannot
restore ;
Yet weep not — thy bosom's best joy is thine
own.

And though never again thou may'st gaze on
the smile,
Ever beaming with tenderness, virtue, and
truth,
Yet the trust which so sweetly thy griefs can
beguile,
Is better than all the fond visions of youth.

TO A DESERTED HOME.



WHEN morning blushes o'er these scarce-green
fields,

On their scant trees pouring its glory down,
No burst of joy the brightening landscape yields,

It marks the blighted verdure near a town.
And when the purple evening fade away,

No wave reflective shews its parting beam,
But the last lingering hues of farewell day
Here all unnoticed shed their softened beam.

I had a home — ah me ! a home no more, —

Most calmly fair in its green loveliness,
Shadowed with trees, and bound with sea-girt
shore,

With view all rich in its unboundedness ;

Far distant hills, most faintly, sweetly blue,

Skirting the horizon with their peaks of snow,
And valleys, meadows, bright as eye ere knew,
Spreading their mingling beauty wide below.

O prospect glorious ! thou art in mine eye
As when I stood, with never-sated gaze,
On our own terrace, watching to descry
The little sail-boat midst thy pathless ways.
Yes, here thou livest ; memory has enshrined
Thy quiet walks, thy boundless solitude,
And each loved scene that I have left behind
Comes glowing on my heart with life imbued.

Alas ! there only — days and years may pass,
And I thy lonely walks no more shall tread,
These feet shall press no more thy well-known
grass,
Or raise thy humble violets from their bed.
No, all the freshness, sweetness of thy flowers
May wildly bloom, for no accustomed hand
Shall kindly twine them round their moss-grown
bowers,
And taste must wave no more her magic
wand.

Though all unseen, still may thy dark woods
wave,
Thy flowers still glow in summer's radiant
breath ;

May beauty shroud thee, silent as the grave,
And be around thee in thy transient death.
And when again to sound of human voice
Thy far-hills echo, then may peaceful hours
And rural pleasures bid their hearts rejoice,
With purest happiness, as once did our's.

HYMN.

MICAHA, CHAP. VI.

WHEREWITH shall I come to the Lord's sacred
altar,
And bow myself down to the High God
above ;
Shall I come with burnt offerings, his dread
will to alter,
Or can sacrificed victims his anger remove ?

With ten thousand rivers of oil can I please
him,
Shall I give my first-born for transgression
in vain ;

For the sin of my soul will my offspring appease
him,
Or incense ascending his clemency gain ?

Then what doth Jehovah thy Maker require of
thee ?

Hath he not shewed thee, O man, what is
right —

Do justly, love mercy, and He will remember
thee,
Walking still humbly and true in His sight.

YOUTH.

How bright is life in early youth,
Reflecting all the young heart's truth ;
A dazzling scene where sweet flowers stand,
Awaiting but the gatherer's hand ;
Where hopes and visions dance around,
And every spot is fairy ground.

The child with eager, fearless heart,
Enters on youth's more dangerous part ;
Untried, and yet undoubting, goes
Into a world of change and woes,
Unknowing of the conflict there,
'Mid crimes and death, devoid of fear.

Yes ! to the glad and rapturous glance
Of young eyes, life is all romance ;
A pictured scene of beauty lies
Spread out before those wondering eyes ;
And their own fate is sketched in bowers
Of peace and joy, midst pleasant hours.

But what is life ? a warfare still,
Between our duties and our will ;
A scene of trial, where the best
May venture not to take their rest ;
Where every virtue must be bought
By discipline, by toil, by thought ;

Where hopes, though sweet, must sometimes
fade,
Love with forgetfulness be paid ;
Where poverty may pour her moan,
Too oft unaided and alone ;

Where when we weep, we weep in vain,
Where prisoners, we must wear our chain.

And is this all ? a scene of strife,
And pain, and toil — and is this life ?
O, no ! far holier, brighter powers
Are shrined in those allotted hours,
A store of aims divine there lies
Even in those brief, sad destinies.

TRUE JOY.

HATH Joy a mortal path, and doth she wander
Through crowded scenes, or in the haunts of
 folly ;
Or loves she nature's shade and melancholy,
Where dark woods wave, and silent rills mean-
 der ;
The melody of waterfalls, the song
Of summer birds, the wild and lovely dream
That wraps the poet by the gushing stream,
And all the charms that to her reign belong ?

Ah yes ! she loves these scenes — she hath no
dwelling

In fashion's hollow hopes, and sickly smile,
Nor health, nor peace those feverish hours
beguile.

No ! in the calm, blest bosom she is swelling
Of God and nature's worshipper ; of him
Whose life is sanctified, whose aim is heaven,
Who feels a trust in every moment given,
Whose heart is fixed, whose hope is never dim.
Yes ! there indeed she dwells, there is her
shrine,

Of holy thoughts, and sweet and tranquil mus-
ing,

The balm of silent happiness infusing,

A joy refreshing, fadeless, and divine.

There doth she fold her wings, and in the breast

Nurse the benevolent wish, the purpose high,

The radiant visions of eternity,

Which glow o'er life's horizon ; like the west

When summer suns are sinking — brighter still,

Through every added hour, to life's sweet close ;

This is her power, more deep than when it

rose,

With softest, purest light the soul to fill.

Hail ! heavenly joy ! how frail and perishing

Is every other, born of time and earth ;
'Thou, thou alone hast an immortal birth,
With angel-hopes thy children nourishing ;
How few revere thee, O ! how few expand
Their cold, dark spirits to thy blessed ray ;
Yet some there are, who hail the opening day,
And walk as those who wait a better land.
Blest spirit, come ! receive my youthful vow,
My hopes, my dreams, my aspirations keep,
Guard me through life, watch o'er my transient
 sleep
And be thy peace for ever on my brow.

THE EVENING SPIRIT.

In the gloom of the evening a shadow I see,
And its faint lovely smile reminds me of thee ;
It hovers around me so fair and so calm,
That its soft presence falls on my spirit like
 balm ;

And I know when it comes by the peace of my
heart,

And the sweet consolations it loves to impart.

— I hear the light rustle of wings o'er my head,

And a heavenly tear-drop upon me is shed,

And in kindness it weeps, for in rapture we
meet,

And our parting, though mournful, for ever is
sweet.

We meet — yet it is but one hour of the day,

When the rays of the bright sun have glittered
away,

When the night-fall is coming with tenderest
shade,

And the dim glow of twilight is almost decayed ;

When all in the mists of the fancy we see,

O then, gentle spirit, you hasten to me ;

And my heart does not throb, for I know not a
fear —

The angel-like lustre which tells thou art near,

In the pale holy light which around thee it
flings,

Is light to my eyes, and the low murmurings

Which sink in my ear, and only in mine,

Infuse in my soul a joy pure and divine.

Do they breathe of the days of thine earthly
sojourn?

Ah yes! and those dreams on my memory re-
turn

Which we fearlessly wove, ere that season of
woe

Which gave thee the sky-range and left me
below.

— Yet how softened, how mournful those mem-
ories rise,

How swiftly the image of past pleasure flies ;
Like the twilight that flits, and leaves me alone,
I turn with a welcome, and ah ! it is gone :

But not fleeting the holier bliss that is given,
When the sweet shadow tremblingly whispers
of heaven,

And tells me of joys that I too shall inherit,
And bids me exult in communion of spirit.

With a smile — such a smile — O 't is some-
thing so blest,

So pure, so serene, it can ne'er be exprest —
I stand and inhale it with silent delight,

As warmly it beams through the chill of the
night —

It fades, like a rainbow — entranced I gaze on,
But the vision, the smile, and the radiance are
gone.

— They are gone, in the dark ether melting
away,
Like the lingering glow of the last evening ray ;
I only behold the deep green of the trees,
And I hear not a sound save the sigh of the
breeze —
All nature is still as I muse on the scene,
And there is not a trace where the spirit has
been.

SONNET.

MATTHEW, CHAP. IV.

UPON the mountain's height he stood — below,
The kingdoms of the world around him spread
Their glories to his view. The Tempter said,
“ Fall down and worship me ; I will bestow
Upon thee all these things : ” “ Hence ! thou
shalt bow

To God alone !” replied the Holy One ;
“ Him only shalt thou serve — Satan be-
gone !”

Awed by the voice divine, and threatening brow,
The Tempter instant fled, and, borne on wing
Of love, the ministering angels come
In robes of light, and heaven’s immortal
bloom,

Aid from above with gentle hands to bring :
And shall we tremble on our high career,
When He who guarded Jesus still is near ?

SONNET.

LUKE, CHAP. IV.

HE stood within the Temple ; on his brow
Sat heavenly wisdom, and his Father’s love ;
The holy book before him ; and below,
The people round their gracious Savior
move :

The page, with great Isaiah's vision fraught,
Then with a voice divine the Master read,
"The spirit of the Lord is on me — taught
To preach the gospel to the poor, and led
By Him to heal the broken heart, to preach
Deliverance to the captives, to the blind
Restore their sight again ; and I must reach
Aid to the bruised ones, and their chains un-
bind."

O words of love and mercy ! still shall rest
Their spirit, Jesus, in thy follower's breast.

SONNET.

JOHN, CHAP. XIX.

STRETCHED on the cross, with mortal woe op-
pressed,
The Son of Man breathed forth his parting
sighs ;
Darkness o'erspread the earth ; and then the
cries
Of smitten hearts were heard, and nearer pressed
9*

His mother, and the follower whom he loved.

“Mother, behold thy son,” the Saviour said—
“Behold thy mother.” The o’erwhelming
dread

Of death came o’er him ; yet his pale lips
moved

With love and mercy still, as the base crowd.

Mocked at his sufferings, and the tumult
grew.

“Father, forgive ! they know not what they
do !”

Was heard amid his anguish, and aloud
He cried, “ ’T is finished ” — bowed his hal-
lowed head,

And to his God the chastened spirit fled.

“She sorroweth not as one without hope.”

SHE sat in the soft and twilight hours,
In the lovely scene of her own green bowers ;
The bright blue sky was over her spread,
On the velvet lawn she pillowed her head,

And around her all sweets of earth and air
Rejoiced in the breeze, for that scene was fair.

Her eye on the distant landscape fell,
The groves and the river she loved so well ;
She traced its windings through vale and glade,
And gazed on their thousand hues of shade ;
And the soft low notes of the birds were there,
And gently they fell on her listening ear.

Yes ! all was beauty and gladness round,
Yet her warm young tears bedewed that ground,
And she dared not breathe on the evening air
The wish of her heart in a scene so fair ;
For while all in the rapture of life was blest,
That youthful mourner was wishing for rest.

{ She wished for the home where no tears and
sighs
Are blent with the spring's sweet melodies ;
Where memory is but a tender dream,
{ To make the future more brightly beam ;
{ And a hope immortal and deathless is fraught
With the glowing hues of an angel's thought.

{ O'er her hope of earth came an early blight,
{ And the grave had shrouded the eyes whose light }

Was sweeter to her than the morning beam,
And faded for ever was life's young dream ;
And though all was radiant above and around,
Yet her thoughts were away upon one green mound.

That far dark grave ! O ! her heart was there ;
In vain all nature was bright and fair ;
For dearer to her was that one dim spot,
By all beside despised, forgot ;
And she sighed to think, as her tears fell fast,
That upon that grave she had gazed her last.

But she raised her eyes to the evening star,
As it beamed in its placid light afar,
And a hope as bright to her heart returned,
And with deeper and holier thoughts it burned ;
For to her that signal seemed to say,
That her night of affliction should pass away.

And she hailed the signal, and checked her sighs,
And opened her heart to the melodies
That softly breathed around, above,
And touched her griefs with a heavenlier love ;
And she thought with rapture to meet him there,
And nature again looked bright and fair !

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF TWO CHILDREN IN AN INFANT
SCHOOL.

FROM our bright band some lovely ones are
gone,
Some infant smiles have faded in their mirth ;
The beautiful are missing ; one by one
They winged their early flight from this cold
earth.

They take their sleep — O deeper far than that
Which wraps the baby on its mother's breast ;
Now on the seats where late they smiling sat,
Their little playmates all unconscious rest.

Alas ! for infancy — what does it know
Of change, or care, or that dark leveller,
Death ?
Radiance and hope are on its laughing brow,
And life's first joy inhaled in every breath.

The blight is on it, yet it knows no fear ;
The mandate has gone forth, but still it plays ;
And every thing is gay, and fair, and dear,
As in its healthiest and its happiest days.

Poor infants ! on some tender bosom laid,
Ye perished sooner than the summer flowers ;
The little hymns which ye so sweetly said,
E'en now may harmonize the heavenly bow-
ers.

A CHARACTER.

YES ! opening life to him was bright,
It wore his own pure spirit's light ;
In every scene he called forth good,
From being's strange vicissitude ;
That world, to some so cold and dim,
Was the clear path to heaven for him.

And life was bright, for round his head
The wreath of spotless fame was spread ;

And friendship came, with smiles, to pour
Her radiance on his youthful hour ;
And his were joys to which are given
Some faint similitude of heaven.

Wherever want had bowed her head,
Was heard his footsteps' gentle tread ;
Where error, or where guilt appeared,
His mild, rebuking voice was heard ;
And when the mourner vigil kept,
His sympathizing bosom wept.

By all revered, by all beloved,
In peace and joy through life he moved ;
And that pure spirit found a breast,
On which his own in trust might rest ;
And visions of home-felt delight
Around him threw their angel light.

His cup of earthly joy was full,
And life itself was beautiful ;
But even in that hour of bliss,
Deeper and holier joys were his,
And oft he raised his ardent eyes,
In faith, to the immortal skies.

The mandate came ; in that bright day
It came, and he was called away
From love, from friendship, and from life ;
He past, nor felt the painful strife.
O ! they were dear, but dearer still
To him, was his Creator's will.

The glories which through life had shone
In every scene, to guide him on,
Came with their pure, immortal glow,
To shine upon his dying brow ;
And the deep, grateful love he bore
His God, sustained him in that hour.

He past in calmness and in faith.
O ! are *we* thus prepared for death ?
And tranquil could we hear the call
Which asks us to surrender all,
And, in the prime of our career,
Meet the cold grave without a fear ?

O let us humbly turn to Him,
Whose word can make the bright eye dim,
And, with a sudden touch, a blight,
Chase every feeling of delight ;
Who, ere one chill night-breeze has past,
An early death can o'er us cast.

To Him who, in that darkest hour,
Still o'er us spreads his shield of power ;
In all we fear, and all we prove,
Still shrouds us in his arms of love ;
And makes that last sad season bright,
With visions of eternal light !

LINES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A HUSBAND WHO
HAD LOST HIS WIFE, AND ADDRESSED
TO HIS ONLY CHILD.

HOURS there are, in which I sit
To think upon one nameless tomb,
With unseen tears to hallow it,
And muse upon my lonely doom.

My infant smiles — alas ! he brings
His mother's features to my heart ;
The memory of a thousand things
Again from long oblivion start.

My infant speaks — and, O ! his voice
Comes with *her* accent on my ear,
The same that made my heart rejoice,
The very tone, so sweetly dear.

The day-dreams of my youth are done,
Though youth itself is in its prime ;
A lonely race I have to run,
A melancholy strife with time.

For thee, my boy ! I fain would live,
But in thy mother's grave enshrined,
The tenderest love I have to give,
Claims every feeling of my mind.

The all that lingers still on earth
Is throbbing o'er thy future lot,
Thy hopes and fears, thy woe and mirth,
In hours when I shall see thee not.

And sometimes mournful fancy flies
To what in future years thou 'lt be,
When virtuous, gentle, good, and wise,
When all — she had been blest to see.

And then methinks, in happiest scene,
Though love and friendship round thee shine,

Turning from all to what has been,
That grave will have some tears of thine.

And O another, on whose breast
Thy little orphan head has lain ;
Another, who has hushed to rest,
When motherless, thy infant pain ;

One who at midnight hour has knelt,
To pray for thee when others slept,
And all a parent's anguish felt,
And o'er thy baby sorrows wept.

Perchance, too, *he* may claim a sigh,
A tender thought, a lingering tear ;
And memory, with a swelling eye,
Exclaim — My *Father* slumbers here.

SONNET.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

LIGHT of another year again I see,
And its first day is mine ! But whether I
May see it join the past eternity,
My Father and my God ! depends on thee.
O grant its hours, as on swift wing they flee,
In peace and goodness, compassed by thy
love,
May swiftly glide ; so my soul shall not
move,
Though sorrow waits the dark futurity.
Thus would I consecrate this year ; and O !
If other prayer is beating in my breast,
It is for those I love, that they may rest
In the same trust, the same high comfort know ;
That when our years their destined race have
run,
We each may find the meed of virtue won.

REVELATIONS XXII. 5.

“ And there shall be no night there ; they need no candle, neither light of the sun ; for the Lord God giveth them light.”

EVEN that light which *now* about us gleams,
Seems like the light of the Eternal One ;
It bears His blessings on its golden beams, —
Nature revives before the glorious sun, —
Life springs around wherever light is shed,
Darkness is for the dead.

Through the deep veil of night that smile is
seen, —
Worlds are the lamps that glimmer while we
sleep ;
Or the pale moon doth, like a vestal queen,
Over the light of heaven her vigil keep.
And if the sky be wrapt in one deep shroud
Of darkness and of cloud,

Still there is that, which o'er the dim world
comes,

Like beacon-fires across the gloomy main ;
Lights from the altars of our own bright homes,
Welcoming each to his warm hearth again,
To the glad circle, o'er which love has thrown
A sunshine of its own.

Night is not evil, that its presence brings
The precious moments to affection given,
Nor for the quiet borne upon its wings,
Soft, and refreshing as the dew of heaven,
That soothes the cradled world to peaceful rest,
Making e'en darkness blest.

There may be night, when morning's early
glow
Laughs out in beauty on the woods and streams:
And darkness, where the burning embers throw
O'er the deserted hearth their useless gleams,
In all that show of pleasure's seemingness
Which mocketh at distress.

— It is the darkness of the heart ; a gloom,
A better light must waken to dispel ;
A vision and a presage of the tomb,
Which haunts the mourner's path. O he can
tell,

How beautiful the thought — A world of light,
Where there shall be no night.

They need no candle there. Those who have
made
The circles of beloved homes below
Will have their gathering there ; where never
shade
Shall darken o'er affection's hallowed glow ;
Where not one link shall from its chain be reft,
Or vacant place be left.

'The weary mortal's craving for his rest,
Which marks the circuit of his numbered hours,
Is like the small bird's yearning for its nest, —
The nightly closing of the short-lived flowers ;
But the immortals their resemblance keep,
To him who cannot sleep.

“ They need no sun, no moon.” The Lamb
will be
The light of that bright world ; and they who
bore
His image upon earth, His face will see,
And feel that grief and death can be no more ;

That evil from his glance must pass away,
As night from breaking day.

Now from the sun which cheers *this* sphere, no
ray
In the blue summer ether leaves its track,
But in *some* spot of earth it kindles day —
Is from some joyous eye reflected back ;
A messenger of love is every beam,
And sheds no wasted gleam.

Yet what is light ? The bright sun's brightest
ray,
To the mild gleams that o'er the spirit steal ?
Or what the gloom of midnight's direst sway,
To that deep, dreadful darkness we can feel ?
O ! for that world, where God himself is light,
Where there will be no night.

What then the blessings of that living light,
The land of spirits shall receive its rays ;
The works of God, made by His presence bright,
From their perfection shall reflect His praise,
His glory from the happiness profound
Of deathless hosts around.

E'en now that glory gilds life's fitful scene,
That light is with us where we know it not :
It is the spirit's lamp, and burns unseen,
Yet clear and bright, in many a shrouded spot ;
Where human eye no spark of hope may trace,
There is its dwelling place.

'T is with the mourner in his lonely hour,
Nor fails when all around is lost in gloom ;
O'er life's most bitter anguish it hath power,
Is strong in death, and bright above the tomb ;
All other flames the storms of earth may quell,
This is unquenchable.

Its shrine is in the hidden sanctuary
Of a pure heart ; its evidence is love, —
Love, that in every living thing can see
The fair creation of the God above,
And watches, with a brother's faithfulness,
Over its least distress.

- If now the light of day were only lent,
To bless the presence of this love benign,
And a dark shadow in the firmament
- Marked every dwelling with an outward sign,
Where cruel anger burns, or malice lowers, —
What were this world of ours.

SONNET.

I KINGS, XIX. II.

THE Prophet stood upon the mountain height,
And the Almighty passed ; and suddenly
Great and strong winds arose, and scattered
lie

Mountains and rocks around — and yet no light
From heaven was there : and then an earth-
quake came —

But the Lord was not there : a fire appears —
Still the Lord came not. But the Prophet
hears

A still small voice. — O ever thus reclaim,
Father of heaven ! my wandering heart to Thee.
Amidst the storms of earth I'll seek that
voice ;

Be there, O Lord ! and bid my heart rejoice.
Thus, like Elijah, when from earth I flee,
To seek Thee all alone, — from realms above,
Breathe in the *still small voice* of heavenly love.

CHANGE.



CHANGE is of life a part — the wave that stirs
The ocean of existence. Silver spray
And sparkling foam it flings : it ministers
Beauty unto the deep on its bright way,
Or makes the surge, upon whose giant form
Rideth the storm.

Youth loves its billowy pathway. It is there
Hope casts her anchor in the vast abyss.
There opens the last vista to despair ;
And yet thereon we think, amidst our bliss,
With fear and trembling. — Thou art passing
strange,
Loved, dreaded change.

Change is above, beneath, within, around ;
An inexhausted power, that never sleeps ;
It shakes the world as with an earthquake
sound,
Or, with the shadow o'er the dial creeps ;
All life, all nature must its stroke endure, —
If silent, sure.

The joyous infant, in whose laughing eyes
More than a summer's beauty is portrayed,
For whom, new life's yet unquenched ecstasies
A paradise in his own heart have made —
Thou beautiful — thou bright one, must there be
A change for thee ?

O happy change ! thou art more helpless now
Than the meek lamb upon the mountain side ;
Soon will the mark of thought be on thy brow,
Of energies to angel powers allied ;
Yet these can only reach their perfect day,
And then decay.

Change, in a thousand forms, attends on life,
And well we note its step with anxious eye ;
Life's brief success, its sorrows, and its strife,
Each stirs the heart's pulse, as it passes by ;
Not one familiar thing, however small,
Unmarked can fall.

Yet ask we not ourselves to what we tend ;
Is ours the fate we see prepared for all ?
If change, the law of being, to its end
Work silently, as in the rose leaf's fall,
We feel not, think not, that it bringeth fast
The last — the last.

Change crowds a life into one little day ;
Without it, time almost unnoticed flows ;
The things of old it rudely sweeps away,
And snaps the chain, which habit would impose ;
Then to the world's yet untried paths we draw,
With secret awe.

Aye, but to die — to go we know not where —
To leave the scenes familiar from our birth,
Arrested, perhaps unwarned, in our career !
One moment on this green and sunny earth,
The next in that far country, "from whose
borne "

Is no return !

And yet the agony of change, the shock
That rends the spirit from its frail abode,
Is but for those, who have made earth their
rock,
Mammon their wealth, and self their idol god ;
Where we have made the treasury of our bliss,
There the heart is.

But mark the righteous man ; his spirit hath
Commune with things on high, while here be-
neath ;

There is a presence round about his path,
Mighty in life — omnipotent in death,
Which mingles every blessing earth hath given
With thoughts of heaven.

When that last fearful scene we call to DIE,
All that of him is mortal hath subdued,
Then is the opening of the inward eye
On that which gleamed upon its solitude ;
Then o'er the world which filled his dreams to
range
Is not to change.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A MOTHER.

A SHADOW on my spirit fell,
When my hushed footsteps from thee passed ;
And sad to me thy mild farewell, —
To me, who feared it was thy last ;

And when I saw thee next, a veil
Was drawn upon thy features pale.

They strewed thee, in thy narrow bed,
With roses from thy own loved bowers ;
In melting anguish memory fled
Back to thy happy rural hours ;
And saw thee gently gliding round,
Where all to thee was Eden ground.

The God, whose presence met thee there,
Was with thee in thy slow decays ;
He answered to her dying prayer,
Whose life had been a hymn of praise :
Thy God was nigh — thy Shepherd God,
With comfort of his staff and rod.

I lay thee where the loved are laid ;
Rest — till their change and thine shall come ;
Still voices whisper through the shade —
A light is glimmering round the tomb ;
The Temple rends ! the sleep is ended —
The dead are gone — the pure ascended !

ECCLESIASTES XI. I.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.”

THE wild bee, in his cell,
For winter hoards the bloom of summer flowers;
The emmets, where they dwell,
Lay up the fruit of all their sunny hours.

The old stork of the wild,
In her own young's enduring love may trust;
E'en Mammon, sordid child,
Buildeth a store-house for his golden dust.

And is there not on earth
One spot, to garner up the wealth of mind?
Love, friendship, kindness, worth,
All that is great, and good, of human kind.

God, in his tender care,
Did such a treasury upon man bestow;
He shows, He leads us where
The sweet still waters of affection flow.

He through the mind has poured
This stream — that it reflect his image there,
The gifts which man has stored
And sanctified to him, he bids it bear.

Then cast your treasures there,
Ye who their fruit in after years would find ;
Trust your heart's riches where
He who first gave them has their place assigned.

One spring of hope may fail ;
Those we have cherished may be far away ;
Those we have loved may quail,
Before the threatening of our evil day.

But kindness has a part,
A world, a viewless region all its own ;
It glides from heart to heart,
Nor know we where its light may next be
shown.

Mother ! who to thy child
A heritage of friendship would bequeath,
To smile as thou hast smiled,
When thine own yearning heart is stilled in
death, —

Smile on the infant's joy,
Bend down thine ear unto the orphan's cry ;
Then fear not that thy boy
Should want the watching of a mother's eye.

Child ! who mayest not be near,
To soothe thy mother in her day's decline, —
Thy father's path to cheer,
When fain his failing strength would trust in
thine, —

Be thou the friend of age ;
Some gentle hand will be thy parents' stay,
E'en in their latest stage,
Though thou, and all thy love, be far away.

Pilgrim ! who long has cast
Thy bread upon the waters, fear not thou ;
Bliss shall be thine at last,
Though all thy path be cold and cheerless now.

Is thy life nearly gone,
And yet does nought thy hope deferred fulfil ?
A little while bear on,
God, who has promised, is faithful still.

Think not He can forget —
Trust in His righteousness — be still, and wait.
What if He linger yet ?
Thou knowest not what with Him is soon or
late

He counts not hours with thee ;
No sun metes out for Him a daily round.
His time — Eternity ;
Death is no mark for Him — the grave no bound.

Ages His moments are —
A thousand years as nothing in His gaze ;
Thy trust is in His care,
And thou mayest find it after *many* days.

HYMN

WRITTEN DURING A SEVERE TRIAL.

GREAT Author of the world, I bow
Beneath thy chastening rod ;

And at thy feet I lay me low,
My Father, and my God !

From the same hand, all merciful,
Are blessings day by day ;
Fill, then, my cup of misery full,
I will not turn away.

But O ! this vain, this frantic hope,
That burns within my breast,
That fills my soul's extremest scope,
And will not let me rest, —

Grant thou the power to overcome,
The patience to subdue ;
O ! call my wandering spirit home,
My feeble faith renew.

And pardon thou my bosom's guilt,
That idols there should be ;
Make me, O Lord, whate'er thou wilt,
So I forsake not Thee !

THE WANDERING BARK.

I AM a wandering bark, O, Lord!
Be thou my guiding star;
Through regions dark and unexplored
To light me from afar.

Behold around a raging sea,
The ocean of despair;
But thou canst smooth a course for me,
And calm the tempest there.

Lo! at my helm a pilot stands,
Self-will, ungoverned — strong;
But thou canst guide his stubborn hands,
And safely lead along.

My sails, the slightest gossamer
From fancy's fairy loom;
More frail than pity's feeble star,
In sorrow's night of gloom.

The winds that rend their fragile thread
Are passions fierce and wild ;
O ! turn their fury from the head
Of thy defenceless child.

My anchor, O ! that earthly love
Should ever hold us here ;
So seeming pure — so far above
This world's polluted sphere.

Within the bosom of the deep,
Its earthly home it finds ;
While on the restless billows sweep
And blow the angry winds.

And tossed the fragile bark must be,
That knows no firmer stay ;
That owns no pilot sent from thee,
Along its troubled way.

Then O ! my God, thy mercy show,
My fainting hope renew ;
For I am poor and weak, but Thou
Art mighty to subdue.

I bring to Thee no offering meet,
Thy smile of peace to win ;

I lay my burden at thy feet,
My sorrow, and my sin.

While driven about by every wind,
And tossed by every wave,
I cast no lingering look behind,
But ask thy power to save.

I have no safety on the sea,
No shelter from the shore ;
My help, my hope are all in Thee —
In Thee for evermore.

THE FOUNTAIN.

THERE is a fountain in the wild,
Amid the sheltering trees ;
Where forest flowers have bloomed and smiled,
And wooed the welcome breeze.

And here beside this fountain clear,
How gladly would I rest,

And watch thy beams, sweet evening star,
Reflected on its breast.

What though the slave of worldly wealth
Would never stoop to drink
One drop of peace, one draught of health,
Beside its cooling brink ; —

Yet here the lonely deer will bring
His wounded limbs to lave ;
The weary bird will fold its wing
Above the crystal wave.

And here the wounded spirit too,
May bathe her aching breast,
And ask the balm of heavenly dew,
To soothe her woes to rest.

SURVIVORSHIP.

THOU mayest not mourn thy loneliness of soul.
What though the spirit, whose benign control

Was thy mind's strength and blessing, now be
fled ;

What though no voice, no token from the dead,
Stills thy wild questionings, or helps thy pray-
ers ;

What though the thrilling thought no bosom
shares,

Which uttered dies away ; and gushing tears,
Whose source is hid, are still referred to fears,
And transient griefs thy soul has risen above ;
What though the intensest fires of human love
Are back repressed, till heart and brain they
burn ; —

Thy loneliness of soul thou mayest not mourn.

Each hope unshared that on thy soul recoils,
Its force concentrated, prompts to nobler toils.
The intellectual glance, not lingering now
To meet response, discerns and pierces through,
Makes inquisition into things unknown,
And wins the world of being for thine own.
Nor shall thy love, though from its kindred rent,
Pine like a captive in his dungeon pent,
Waiting release, and destined still to wait.
Wide as the soul its growing powers dilate.
Embracing all, — yet sacred still to one ;

Living for all, — yet dwelling still alone ; —
Made strong through weakness, free through
harsh control,
Thou mayest not mourn thy loneliness of soul.

Go to the grove where beechen shadows lie ;
There hushed in thought, shrouded from human
eye,
List while the winds, that traverse land and sea.
Whisper the tidings that they bring for thee : —
Tell thee where sister spirits mourn the dead ;
How kindred hearts with thine have thrilled,
have bled ;
How some, e'en now, are glowing with a flame
Kindled like thine, for purposes the same,
To cheer the watch, to daunt a common foe ;
Like signal fires on many a mountain's brow.

Rise from thy couch, to hail the midnight star,
And question what that eye beholds afar,
That thou mayest love and pray for. Now its
beam
Falls on the brow, and mingles with the dream,
Of some young sleeper smiling in his rest,
Or wearied pilgrim waiting to be blest.

Now the fixed gaze it meets of watchful sage,
Or with the lamp illumines the student's page ;
Now, like the eye of God, it glances through
The guilty soul, and damps the hardened brow ;
Or cheers the vigils, calms the sighing breath,
Of love that hovers round the couch of death.

Thus winds and stars bring kindred to thy side.
If still for nobler sympathy thy pride,
'Midst heaven-fraught souls, aspire to claim a
place,

Turn to the written records of thy race.
Where'er, in calm endurance, man has borne,
For holy cause, the frown of kings, the scorn
Of multitudes ; — where'er the scourge, the fire,
From souls that on their inward strength retire,
Nor abject prayers, nor wrath, nor groans have
wrung ;

Where'er the nerves of woman have been strung
Such strength to foster, and such pangs behold,
Such lot to share, lest heavenly love grow cold,
There mayest thou, if such links like souls may
bind,

Communion hold with each immortal mind :
From saint to hero, chief to martyr, turn,
And in thy solitude forget to mourn.

There is a Presence — awful, yet most sweet,
Where all that 's holy, holy things may greet.
There throng, unite, and dwell in commune
free,

They that have been, that are, that yet shall be,
The eye may not behold, nor ear drink in,
The light, the music breathing from within;
The grave may interpose, long ages roll,
And land and sea may sever soul from soul,
Yet in eternal union still they dwell ;
The same love cheers, the same emotions swell.
Each impulse that the will divine hath given,
Thrills from earth's lowest deep, to highest
heaven ;

Each influence that the Love divine hath shed,
Gives beauty to all life — life to the dead ;
Beams from the sanctum of a common home,
And lights the path where thronging pilgrims
come.

Conscious of that pervading Presence mild,
Blest with the freedom of a favored child,
Look round, while earthly shadows from thee
roll,
And dream no more of loneliness of soul.

SILENCE.



THERE is no sound borne on the wind,
From thronged plain or haunted stream,
Which comes not o'er the peaceful mind
So filled with sweetness, it might seem
A language lent it, to express
Its own unuttered thankfulness.

The lowing of the cheerful herd,
The bleating of the gentle flocks,
The soft notes of the timid bird,
The chamois' call among the rocks,—
Are all with joy too richly fraught
For messengers of human thought.

The rustling corn upon the hills,
That tells of golden harvests near;
The tinkling of the little rills,
Pouring their waters bright and clear;
The thunder pealing through the sky;
The echo's long and deep reply.

The whispering of the winds, which shakes
The fragile leaf upon its stem ;
The dashing of the flood, which makes
The cataract's foamy diadem ; —
These are the envoys by which we
Hold converse with the Deity.

We give them life ; we make their voice
Instinct with feelings all our own.
So may we worship and rejoice
By nature's eloquence alone ;
The world our temple, and our praise
That which the elements upraise.

But *Silence*, solemn, deep, serene,
Which makes its presence felt abroad ;
The atmosphere, which spreads between
Us and the omnipresent God ;
When nought replieth to our call,
But our own voice's echoing fall.

Its influence through the earth and sky
Succeedeth to the words of prayer,
As if an answer from on high
Were stealing through the upper air,
A voice, which mortal might not hear,
Were breathing on the inward ear.

And night, the starry night, which broods
In shadows over wood and glen,
In silvery beams upon the floods,
In rest upon the homes of men,
Which then beneath the darkened sky
Like "cities of the silent" lie.*

When this warm, throbbing life puts on
The calm similitude of death,
We know not how the Eternal One
Looks down upon this world beneath;
What works of grace, or love, or power,
He worketh at that silent hour.

What his unsleeping eyes survey,
That man, his agent man, hath wrought;
The deeds, which even one brief day
Before his watchful glance hath brought.
Existing on, 'midst rest and gloom,
E'en as they follow to the tomb.

When the oppressor's arm is weak,
And sleep hath dulled the tyrant's ear,

* The Afgauns have a great reverence for burial grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of "Cities of the Silent."—ELPHINSTONE. *Note to Lalla Rookh*, p. 117.

The slave in his lone hut may seek
Him, who is never slow to hear ;
Then is the broken spirit's sigh
In awful silence borne on high.

From us, if at that solemn time
None looks his deep appeal to heaven, —
Of us, if no account of crime,
By the accusing spirit given,
Nor cry of anguish nor despair
Goes up, amidst the darkness there, —

Conscience adds up her vast amount
Of hidden talents, useless powers ;
And calls up to their vain account
The spirits of our wasted hours,
The deeds of kindness left undone,
The ruined souls we might have won.

God speaks not to us from the sky,
Nor wakes us by a prophet's call ;
No awful warning meets our eye,
As the hand-writing on the wall :
He spreads no signal to our sight, —
A cloud by day, a fire by night.

But *Silence*, solemn, deep, serene,
Which makes His presence felt abroad, —
This is the mean which lies between
Our spirits and the living God.
On him Creation's voices call,
By this alone he answereth all.

MUSIC.

O SPEAK to me in music — I would hear
The voice of days gone by in some rich strain :
'T is beautiful, within its magic sphere
To live the mind's existence o'er again.

Our thoughts have twofold being — first they
spring
From passing circumstance — and then they
come
Back to our hearts, like spirits hovering
Around the precincts of their earthly home.

A thought may sleep — slumber but yields it
force,

And time, or grief, or outward change en-
dears :

Perchance, unconsciously we touch its source,
And pour its fulness on our future years.

What shall such thought awake ? perhaps a
flower,

Culled in a moment of deep happiness ;

Yet, best can harmony's resistless power,
That treasurer of feelings sweet, express.

Hast thou a cherished image thou would'st fain
Restore again in all its purity ?

Beware, lest aught of a material chain,
On that ethereal one should harshly lie.

Commit it to that record where alone

Music has registered the dreams long fled ;

Then touch its chords, and at their slightest
tone

“ Will memory's burial place give back her
dead.”

The recollections, with sweet sound combined,
Return unto us chastened, beautified ;

Casting an atmosphere around the mind,
Through which they pass, and brighten as
they glide.

The melody that in the heart has birth,
Findeth an echo in the silver chords,
Which give the spirit's emanations forth
With a deep eloquence, that needs no words.

Music is nature's language. It resounds
From the deep caves, in which the ocean
roars,
To the blue vault, where only æther bounds
The trackless region, where the wild bird
soars.

When the rich valleys exultation raise,
When "the floods clap their hands," the hills
rejoice,
When rocks and mountain streams break forth
in praise,
And earth is glad — then music is her voice.

And music hath its gentle accents, made
To meet in sympathy the mourner's wail;
The night bird's song is sweeter in the shade,
Than all the mirthful notes that morning hail.

If there are weary spirits, which the power
Of the harsh world has wounded or subdued,
Speak unto them in music, for its dower
Is cheerfulness and inward quietude.

If there are stony hearts, where care has closed
The avenues of feeling, one by one ;
Where guilt its galling bondage has imposed
Or late remorse its bitter work has done ;—

Speak unto them in music, they may hear
The piercing accents of that deep appeal,
That murmurs no reproach, that wakes no fear,
But gently seeks to rouse the heart to feel.

Music, which hath a power to reach the soul
In its extremes of rapture or despair,
Which owns no bound, which brooketh no control,
To what doth all its influence tend, or where ?

Whence the tradition, beautiful and high,
Which long to Israel's chosen race was dear,
That God's own voice, on flaming Sinai,
In music fell upon the prophet's ear.

We hear of angel harps. Does heavenly bliss
In their pure harmony an utterance find ?
And can it be in language such as this,
That spirits hold communion, mind with
mind ?

Sounds, which no mortal ear hath heard, may
give
To new and exquisite emotions birth,
And some known ancient melody revive
The dearest reminiscences of earth.

If thus this spirit voice may be employed, —
If thought may be so linked with its sweet
strain,
O never be its purity alloyed
With one, we would not wish to meet again.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

THE day returns, but she to whom I went,
To breathe fond wishes for the closing year,

To whom, with gentle kiss, I fondly bent,
In the heart's tenderness — she is not here.
O ! never more a mother's smile will turn
Sweetly on this pale cheek ; no mother now
Forbids her child in loneliness to mourn,
Or lays a kind hand on her aching brow.
Again the berries red and laurels green
Shine o'er us, as they wont in other days ;
And all around is as it long hath been ;
But I am changed — and with the song of praise,
I blend a low and solitary prayer,
A voice of mourning in the house of mirth,
And sounds unheard are swelling on the air,
And tears are pouring on the silent earth.
The merry hours which others lightly pass
But bind my heart more closely to the dust ;
My thoughts still linger o'er the new-laid grass,
Upon a mother's grave ; yet shall the trust
This day inspires, 'midst all my bitter loss,
Rise o'er my soul like sunshine through the
 gloom ;
Upon my breast I bind the savior-cross,
And hope springs brightening even from the
 tomb.
He lived, He died — upon this blessed day,
Did light and immortality arise !

He came to guide our dark and wandering way,
He burst the veil that hid th' eternal skies,
He brought the mourner comfort. I no more
Dwell on the parting gulph of mortal years,
But faith points upward to the heavenly shore,
Where, bright in glory, all I loved appears.
He was the resurrection and the life ;
He rose, the mighty conqueror of death ;
And shall I listen to my grief's vain strife,
And weep that she has won th' immortal wreath ?
O no, my mother ! 'mid my lonely race,
My silent anguish, and my unseen woe,
I cannot wish thee in thy wonted place,
The wretchedness of earth again to know ;
With a far deeper love, I joy that thou
Has drunk thy mingled cup, and, freed and
blest,

(While thy weak child is struggling on below,
Hast entered on the realms of perfect rest. ' .

THE WILD-FLOWER.

DESPISE not thou the wild flower — small it
seems,
And of neglected growth, and its light bells
Hang carelessly on every passing gale ;
Yet it is finely wrought, and colors there
Might shame the Tyrian purple, and it bears
Marks of a care eternal and divine :
Duly the dews descend to give it food,
The sun revives it drooping, and the showers
Add to its beauty, and the airs of heaven
Are round it for delight.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

THROUGH the long vista of departed years,
I bend my eyes, that swell with vain regret ;

For grief was never blotted out by tears,
Nor time brought back upon their waters yet,
Nor promise made to pay her long arrears
Of still accumulating debt.

I know it is a sad and vain employment
Of the soul's vision, thus to look behind,
On time's "broad pinions," and bewail the enjoyment
That passed away with him, like passing
wind,
Leaving a waste, the kingdom of the mind.

I feel it vain ! I know it most unholy !
Yet it doth fascinate my mournful gaze,
And soothe me with its moonlight melancholy,
Through feverish longings for my sunnier
days,
When hope was in my heart, and joy in all my
ways.

I know it vain ! The grave will keep its dead,
And parted years cling firmly to their trust ;
Recording all that I have done and said.
In this, my dying tenement of dust,

Upon immortal tablets ; to be read,
Before the resurrection of the just.

What if I look before me ! to the end
Of all things human ! when the uprooted
tree,
Even as it falls, shall lie ; and foe, or friend —
Which of the two, that day, shall conscience
be ?

When from the naked spirit it shall rend
All subterfuge away, and every hollow plea !

Be wise, and hear it now — that still, small
voice,
That bids thee quit the path thou long hast
trod ;

Believe that time is all too poor a price,
To barter for eternity with God !
And whatsoe'er He give or take, rejoice,
And bless his mercy, in His staff or rod.

So shall thy sinful murmurs sink to rest,
And thou thy race on earth with patience
run,
Humbly confiding that His will is best,
And that submission here is heaven begun, —

Light shall attend thy path, and peace thy breast,
When thou canst breathe a hope, that thus
thy crown is won!

TRUST IN GOD.

O God! in early infancy,
I learnt to bow my knee to Thee!
And in the quiet evening air
A mother guided my young prayer,
And I from life's first years was taught
To raise to Thee my infant thought!

And when those sweet years died away,
Like the young fragrant dawn of day,
And tender hands led gently on
A youth, where not one hope had flown,
Then, in the bright and radiant hour,
I loved the prayer of praise to pour.

And when, O God, the darker scene
Came at Thy call, and I could lean

No more upon those young hopes bright,
Nor taste the cup of home delight, —
When tears were on the cheeks I loved,
The power of faith, O God, I proved.

And now, when that dark cloud is past,
And calmer hours are come at last,
And I in life's maturer day
Have marked Thy hand a longer way,
With faith more firm, and hope more clear,
O God! I bring an offering here.

Not the soft incense of that age,
When life is all one cloudless page,
And childhood raises its bright eye
In wonder to the Deity;
Nor yet youth's deeper, happier glow,
Breathed in the spirit's overflow.

When all is fresh and sweet; — no, mine
Is but a sigh upon that shrine,
Where I have blended hopes and fears,
And grief and prayer, through many years;
And where, in every change, I find
A holy calm to soothe my mind.

O never may life's later care
In this divine communion share ;
No cares, but such as heaven may bless,
Of home's sweet claims of tenderness —
But not the world's — O never here
Shall blend one worldly doubt or fear !

The future, all unseen, I leave
With Thee, my God ! if I receive
Thy love and guidance on the way,
Like the fair beams of future day,
O ! then I will not tremble, though
Through cold and desert scenes I go.

For not alone — O not alone !
Devotion's halo, round me thrown,
That deep and chilling gloom shall chase,
And I those desert paths shall trace ;
And hopes to light, and prayer to bless,
Shall rise amid the wilderness.

But if, O God, the sunnier sky
Thy love should deign — the happier scene,
O ! as the joy-winged moments fly,
Be mine the hour of thought between —
That quiet hour, still, still to share,
When every thought we breathe is prayer.

WE NEVER SAID "FAREWELL."



O no ! we never said " Farewell ! "

That was a word we could not speak —
We durst not trust our lips to tell
The thoughts that made all language weak.

We knew the cold, dark sea must roar,
Our, earliest, happiest hopes between —
We knew that life itself was o'er
As it in other days had been.

We wept not — O ! how vain were tears,
In the deep grief of such an hour ;
No ! on the waste of coming years,
We sought to shed faith's healing power.

We knew that there was hope and trust,
Which would not fade, like human love ;
That trial came not from the dust,
Sent forth to elevate and prove.

With deeper thought we bent in prayer,
With tranquil hearts we parted then,
The last devotions we might share
We raised in hope — nor met again.

Yet shall that hope, through cares and strife,
Through time, and change, and earthly woe,
In every scene that marks my life,
Still shed its bright and heavenly glow.

That smile is fled — that voice is far —
Yet still the song of prayer and praise,
Amid the world's discordant jar,
With constant heart I love to raise.

And well I know, on other shores,
Where never tone of mine may rise,
Thy heart its evening tribute pours,
Adoring, 'neath those distant skies.

O! sometimes, at that hallowed hour,
A thought, a silent thought may be,
Of one who now on England's shore
Breathes friendship's changeless prayer for
thee!

AFTER THE DEATH OF A FRIEND,

AND ADDRESSED TO HER CHILDREN.

Is *she* withdrawn from earth,
Whose sunny smile of joy, and kindly tone,
Kindled up gladness round the household
hearth?
Are *these* all gone?

Will she no more be seen?
Never more present at the social board,
Where flowed benignly, from her lip serene,
Each gentle word?

Friend! parent! can it be
That she, from all who held her dear, is taken?
While mournfully her sorrowing children see
Her place forsaken?

When fond and sanguine trust,
In fair perspective, sketched her lengthened
years,

How soon to mark their promise laid in dust,
And quenched in tears !

O cherished dream of bliss !
Binding our natures in thy mystic spell,
And in thy essence spiritual, is this
Thy last farewell ?

Sad and unholy thought !
The spark of life, immortal, cannot die.
Praise be to Him, whose blood the treasure
bought,
And gave the victory.

The victory over death —
Triumphant resurrection from the grave.
Take, then, O heaven ! what we resign, in faith
That He can save.

Yet I would bid ye weep !
But not as those from final hope who sever.
For when the archangel's voice shall burst her
sleep,
You meet for ever.

LIFE'S CHANGES.

I SAW the waters, as bright they lay,
In the lovely calm of a summer day ;
The fair blue sky shone clear above,
All nature breathed of peace and love ;
And near me there were radiant eyes,
As calm and clear as those summer skies.

And gladly I gazed on the flowing tide,
For those I loved were at my side ;
The sun in glory and splendor shone,
And proudly the vessel glided on ;
And softly the distant landscape played,
In its varying hues of light and shade.

And my heart was blest : short time past by,
And again did the white-winged vessel fly
On the evening gale, and I was there ;
But, alas ! the scene was no longer fair.
The eyes and the smile I loved were gone,
And I stood and gazed on the waves alone.

Brief time had fled ; yet the shade had past
O'er my heart and hopes since I stood there
last ;

Some best beloved had fled away
To a calmer shore and a brighter day ;
And all life seemed to my tear-dimmed eye
As brief as the waves that glided by.

The evening shades fell chill and cold,
But my heart was filled with the dreams of old ;
The gentle sound of the water's moan
To my memory recalled a lovelier tone ;
For the setting sun, which o'er me fell,
Shone again the eyes I had loved so well.

All fled — all fled : yet I shed no tear ;
I stood in faith and in calmness there ;
O'er my troubled spirit the shadows rose,
But one gaze above brought my heart repose ;
My lost and my loved were there, and I —
I breathed to the evening gale one sigh.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED
RELATIVE.

O do not grieve for him, for brief the hour
Of mortal anguish thus in darkness given ;
That young and spotless heart is ripe for heaven,
And goes in happier regions to adore.
To him mortality's long strife is o'er,
He has no tears to shed — no struggling hours ;
But, with expanded hopes and holier powers,
At once he launches on th' eternal shore.
O early blest, his glorious task is done,
His love and piety have shed their bloom
On the cold vision of a youthful tomb,
And what though darkness veil the life begun
In beauty and in hope — though this last scene
Has bitterness more awful far than death,
It shall not quench the deep immortal faith,
That heavenly love and care in all has been ;
“ We will not weep for him,” or with such tears
As fall in tenderness upon the blest,
For he is entering on the land of rest.

The crown of thorns his pallid brow now wears,
Shall be exchanged for the eternal wreath;
These mortal shades shall lightly pass away,
Before the glory round him on that day;
And Heaven's own airs shall o'er him softly
breathe.

So may we shrine his image in our hearts,
So may his virtues in our memories live,
That every thought the fond remembrance
starts,
Some noble aim, some holier trust shall give.

THE SISTER'S FAREWELL.

SHE died in summer eve — the last light pale
Of lingering twilight on her languid eyes,
Around her the last zephyr's gentle gale,
And on her ear soft evening melodies.

She died 'midst fragrant dews, and closing
flowers,
Her last sigh mingling with the parting breath

Of the delicious summer evening hours —
Her last faint sigh — O ! it was not like
death.

And did she gaze on all the radiant bloom
That shone around her, in its careless pride ?
Amid the coldness of approaching doom,
Of living beauty saw she aught beside ?
Bright flower, soft air, and richly glowing
skies —
Had these her heart, had these her dying sighs ?

Ah no ! there knelt beside her, one alone,
Whose young slight form had rivetted her
look ;
A fair cheek, scarce less pallid than her own,
A soft, clear brow, which bloom had all for-
sook ;
Dark heavenly eyes, filled with resistless tears —
The sister of her first and happiest years.

She did not weep ; but as those eyes she read,
With tenderness and grieving love o'er-
fraught,
With throbbing heart and faltering voice she
said,
“ Sister, recal me sometimes to your thought ;

'Midst brighter hopes and gayer scenes, O yet
Let not your heart this evening hour forget.

O! sometimes, though all else should have
forgot,

As the south-wind shuts the last violet,
Come with full heart to this deserted spot,
And think of days when here we fondly met ;
Retrace our infant sports, our youthful love,
And turn some fond and sorrowing thoughts
above.

The flowers shall breathe to thee their softest
sighs,

And fancy mingle my departing breath,
And all those mournful evening melodies —
O ! they shall seem to thee my knell of death.
Sister, farewell ! " A cold shade softly fled
O'er the bright brow, and she had vanished !

MATTHEW VII. I.

“JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED.”

I WANDERED alone, at the evening's close,
To a lonely spot, where the dead repose ;
The beams of the moon lent a fitful grace .
To the noiseless calm of the holy place,
As they lightly played on the cold gray stones,
That were raised in pride o'er the mouldering
bones.

Strong contrast they formed with the large dark
shade,
The sculptured tombs on the green sward
made.

I wandered on, and I breathed a prayer
As I thought of the dead, who lay slumbering
there,
Of their deeds and feelings, their hopes and
fears,
As they journeyed on through this vale of tears.
Some placed in beauty their hopes and their
trust ; —

They died — and their beauty returned to dust.
Some rested on power as the magic spell ;
But the reed was broken — the powerful fell.
Some heaped up treasure with fearful care ;
But their treasure was earthly — the moth was
there.

I stopped — for a sound from the tombs arose,
Like the voice of the storm, when the whirl-
wind blows :

“ O thou, who hast judgment on all beside,
Hast thou passed the ordeal purified ?
Canst thou see the riches the fair earth brings,
Nor waste one sigh on the glittering things ?
Canst thou dwell in power, and be free from
pride,

And humble as He who was crucified ?
Canst thou see the honors the worldly gain,
And pass them unheeded, and feel them vain ?
Canst thou do all this ? then thy way is blessed,
Nor earthly sorrow shall harm thy rest :
But fail'st thou — O think of the stern decree,
The judgment thou giv'st, shall be given to
thee.”

REMEMBRANCE.



THOU didst not say, "Remember me !"
Nor breathe one last and faint farewell ;
Yet long, long years will roll o'er me,
While on thy words will memory dwell.

The feeble efforts of thy love,
Thy mention of the parting token,
No time shall from this breast remove,
Till the weak heart within is broken.

I wear thy pledge with holiest care,
A mother's dying pledge, and never
Shall time or change that relic tear,
Which from this hand no more shall sever.

The sighs I pour, the tears I weep,
Blest spirit ! may not reach thine ear ;
But I through life thy love will keep,
In all its early freshness dear.

And when my head is bowed with pain,
And when my heart is cold with grief,
From thee, my mother ! not in vain
Thy suffering child shall seek relief.

A gentle train shall memory raise —
Fond looks, soft word, and tenderest smile,
As in my blest, my childish days,
When thou wast hovering near the while.

The happier past shall rise again,
With thee to soothe, to cheer, to bless ;
And lingering years of mortal pain
Shall vanish in that happiness.

A mother's hand is on my cheek,
No longer wet with human woe,
I hear a mother's accents speak,
Again her blessed smile I know.

O never, never from my heart,
Blest spirit, shall thine image fly,
Till feeling, thought, and life depart ;
And in the moment when I die,

If other thought than heaven be there,
My mother ! it will turn to thee ;
My latest, fondest, dearest care,
To meet thee in futurity.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

How many a woman, young and pale,
Hath sat to watch, while fickle day
Spread in the west his crimson sail,
Impatient of delay ;
And listened with an aching ear
For tread of foot, or cry of hound,
Till weary Hope, with sigh and tear,
Expiring looked around
O'er darkened vale, and wood, and plain,
For one who came not back again.

And weary is that woman's lot,
If in a fertile land she dwell,
Where war and famine riot not,
Nor ever sickness fell :

But if in hovel cold and rude,
On rugged rock, or windy moor,
Ye find her in her solitude
At eve, beside her door,
Sad thoughts her only company —
O dismal, then, her lot must be ! —

O dismal ! in the bitter north,
Where, over wastes of trackless snow,
Coy sumwer rarely peepeth forth,
And flowers forget to blow.
Where, with a wan and spectral light,
Short time the sun his journey takes,
And winter falls with heavy night
On frozen seas and lakes,
And through their icy caverns clear
'The deep wind murmurs sounds of fear.

A lone one watches in her hut,
By dark, desponding thoughts possessed,
And fancies strong — nor force can shut
Their phantoms from her breast :
Her own sweet Germany she sees,
Its laughing fields, its cities gray,
Its hamlet-churches bowered in trees,
Where first she learned to pray, —

And sprites are whispering in her ear,
"What, dreamer, wouldst thou perish here?"

"Thy pious father lies asleep
Among his children, all but thee, —
Thy mother hath not ceased to weep
Her daughter's face to see, —
And thou must leave thy sheltered home
To die, ere youth's best years be told,
In this dark land of treeless gloom,
Of hunger and of cold —
Return — forsake its wilds austere!
Thy place, fair woman, is not here."

Thick coming thoughts like these did fill
Her large blue eyes with gentle grief,
When through the night — (so very still
You heard the whirling leaf) —
A step drew near — a voice she heard —
The fur-clad laborer came at last,
The embers on the earth she stirred,
The weary one embraced — ,
Great sorrow sat most heavily
On furrowed brow, and languid eye.

"Mine own," said he, and clasped her hand,
Her small white hand, within his twain,

“ I cannot bear this weary land,
This labor all in vain ;—
I preach the word, and none will hear,
Or hear, God’s mercy to despise ;
And palsying doubt, and boding fear
Within my breast arise ;
The Lord denies to bless my prayer —
Thou weapest — Yes ! — our home *is* fair !

“ Come, we ’ll return ! — the hind refrains
To sow, when nothing springs to reap ;
We will return to blither plains
Of corn, and trees, and sheep ;
There ’s pestilence around us now,
And winter, with his noons of night,
And cold rude men, who will not bow
To worship God aright :
For mine own holy land I sigh —
If but to breathe its air — and die ! ”

Even while he mourned, a sudden change
Crimsoned her lip, and fired her eye,
And boldness, to herself most strange,
Spoke out in her reply : —
“ Cheer thee ! my faithful ! — keep thy trust
In One above, the Just, and Wise,

Who (for he knows us frail as dust)
Our faith and courage tries ;
Our friends are far — but God is near,
Aye — to this land of gloom and fear.”

“ I too have wrestled with despair,
And yearned with tears to live and die
Within some Christian dwelling fair
Of my sweet Germany ! —
But it hath passed — and I am strong ;
Our God, who sent us here to toil,
Can build the shrine, and wake the song,
On this unthankful soil ;
And bow the heathen heart of stone,
To worship at his lofty throne ! ”

“ Cheer thee, mine own ! — the dawn is nigh,
The seed is sown, the well is found ;
And soon, from out the kindling sky,
Shall glory stream around —
And soon the plenteous garner, piled
With golden harvests, shall o’erflow,
And gushing fountains, in the wild,
Bid rose and lily blow —
And for the laborer, toil-oppressed,
Are heaven’s unfailing homes of rest.”

She spoke, with such a beaming eye,
And such a mild, benignant brow,
As Angels', leaning from the sky
To comfort earth below :
Her sweet words fell, like healing dew,
Upon the pastor's heart of care,
And side by side, to God, anew
They bowed themselves in prayer —
And blest with sleep more sweet to see,
Were none that night in Germany.


SABBATH MUSINGS

Who that feels his spirit rise
Thankful to the Lord of heaven ;
Who that views what he has given, —
Rocks, and hills, and bounteous skies,
Valleys yielding rich supplies,
Breath of morn, and gales of ev'n ;
But must own his power to be
Boundless in immensity ?

As the wearied spirit turns
From the vain pursuits of men ;
As the stream that haunts the glen
Gently falls, or hoarsely mourns ; —
Thus the soul with rapture burns,
Thus to peace it sinks again,
Whilst the future prospects seem
Radiant as the noon-day beam.

In such still, such solemn hour,
Emblem of eternal joys !
How the world's delusive toys
Shrink before its charming power !
Sweetly as the stealing shower
In midnight stillness gently falls,
When no troubled grief annoys,
When the passions vex no more,
Meditation softly calls,
Whilst devotion, rising high,
Swells the soul to ecstasy.

God of nature, God of love !
Seen below, around, above,
Traced in every varied form,
Heard in every awful storm ;
Glorious in meridian light,
Mild and beautiful in night ;



Still, O bounteous Lord, to thee,
Low I bend the suppliant knee.

'T is thy goodness glows around,
Decks the field, and clothes the ground ;
'T is thy breath in gentle gales
Sweeps along the dewy vales ;
'T is thy bounteous hand distils
Healthful waters from the hills ;
'T is to thee our lives we owe,
And our blessings here below.

Silent, musing thus on Thee
These thy wonders strike our sight ;
Till, o'erpowered by heavenly light,
All the world's illusions flee,
And thy grand immensity
Glows inimitably bright ;
Then the mind, with all its powers
Humbled, trembles and adores.

SONNET.

TO A CHILD.

SWEET floweret ! blooming in life's cheerful
morn,
How mild the beam that gilds thy early days ;
The tenderest hands thy infant form shall
raise ;
And from thy footsteps snatch the lurking thorn.
Thy parent stem the noblest virtues grace,
Whate'er of genius lights the human breast,
Or holy sympathy, that soothes to rest
The anxious heart of misery's hapless race,
To ages yet, in time's eternal womb,
Transmit the soul that warms thy honored
sire,
Preserve the spark of that ethereal fire,
Nor let it perish in the silent tomb ;
Live in the worth that makes thy name re-
nowned,
And stretch the line to nature's utmost bound.

THE SLAVE.

HE was a slave — a chain was o'er him cast,
The galling yoke his abject form did wear;
Above his heart the burning brand had past,
And left the seal of degradation there.

His head was bowed in silence. In his eye
No gleam of intellect or feeling shone;
In all his mien there was an apathy,
As if the spirit of the man were gone.

Yet in that aspect, cold and changeless now,
The silent record of his life is seen;
'T is thus the dark volcano's scathed brow
Tells what its deep internal fires have been.

But is not man, though gold his price has paid,
Though tyrants bruise him with an iron rod,
But little lower than the angels made,
And called the temple of the living God?

The deathless soul remains, and mind, surveyed
E'en in its wreck, hath still sublimity ;
And human feelings, though in ruin laid,
Have still deep interest for the human eye.

Some pious strangers, from a distant land,
The page of mercy to the slave unfurled,
And whispered of the kind and mighty hand,
Which formed this beautiful and fruitful
world.

He heeded not, had not earth drank his blood,
While yet the life pulse trembled in his vein ;
Was he to look around and call that good
On which his strength was spent, for *him* in
vain.

They told him of the light and easy yoke,
And how the bondman is in Christ made
free ;
A moment at the sound his spirit woke —
Freedom ! the word seemed bitter mockery.

Christian ! how doubtfully that title comes
To those who *feel* how it has been profaned ;

Christians had forced his parents from their
homes —
Christians had found, and *left*, himself en-
chained.

They spake to him of love, of holy ties,
Links formed on earth, and perfected in
Heaven ;
But what were all the heart's deep sympathies,
To one from nature's dearest friendships
riven.

Bearing all those relations which were made
To rivet heart to heart, he was alone ;
He knew not where his parents' bones were
laid,
His very child he might not call his own.

'They pointed where those living waters flow ;
Which tasted once, nor want, nor grief may
be ;
That stream, which purest comfort should be-
stow,
But fed his fever-thirst for liberty.*

* It has been said by Missionaries, who have attempted the
conversion of the slaves, that the knowledge of Christianity only
increased their craving for liberty.

He could not raise his eyes, he could not pray ;
A glimpse of better things indeed was given,
But still his bonds, his degradation, lay
Like a dark cloud between his heart and
heaven.

He looked to death to limit his distress ;
For freedom, to the prison of the grave ;
His was the yearning for forgetfulness,
Dust cleaving unto dust — He was a slave.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

House of the silent night, receive
All that unbodied spirits leave !
To thee the loosened frame we trust,
The mouldering bones and cherished dust.

Within thy dark and spacious womb
The crowding nations haste to come ;
From every clime is gathered here
The harvest of the human year.

Nature's hard conflict now is o'er,
Sorrow and care shall vex no more ;
The tooth of slander shall not wound,
The envy sting beneath the ground.

GARDEN HYMNS

FOR EVERY SEASON.

I.

THE SPIRIT'S SONG.

PRAISE to our God! this teeming world he
framed,
And loveth all its beauteous things to cherish:
Sing!—he hath now the storms of winter
tamed,
Nor leaves its stores amid their wrath to
perish.

Sing!—where the drowsy frost so late was
lying,
Glad earth aside its numbing spells hath
shaken,
And many a brook its long-hushed music trying,
Calls on the buried flowers to smile and
waken.

Sing!—He hath spoken!—sunny hours are
wreathing
Green tender garlands round the branches
gray;
Birds their quick joy from every covert breath-
ing,
And bees all busy with the blooms of May.
Come to our garden!—hark! the south wind
clear
The young laburnum's golden branches
swinging,
Are there not guardian spirits round us here,
Who to its murmurs join their gentle sing-
ing?

Praise, and thanks, and cheerful love,
Rise from every thing below
To the Mighty One above,

Who his wondrous works doth show,
In the pleasant garden now :
Praise him, each created thing,
God, your Father ! — God of Spring !

Praise him, trees so lately bare,
Praise him, fresh and new-born flowers,
All ye creatures, that in air
Gambol through the noontide hours ;
All ye soft descending showers
Who the earth are nourishing —
Praise your maker ! — God of Spring ! —

Praise him, man ! — thy fitful heart
Let this balmy season move
To employ its noblest part,
Softest mercy — sweetest love ;
Even like him, who from above
Blesses each created thing —
God the bounteous — God of Spring !

II.

THE SUMMER BOWER.



How sultry is this Sabbath noon,
Even beneath this thick green shade ;
How still — except for droning tune
By yon restless insect made ;
Without a wind, without a cloud,
Do wander o'er the azure sky,
And flowers abound — a gorgeous crowd —
Whose mingled odors heavy lie
Upon the breathless, burning air,
And steep with sweets our shelter fair.

Hour of repose ! the world shut out,
Here may th' exhausted spirit rest ;
And narrow fear, and troubling doubt,
Cease their long warfare in the breast.
Here sobered thought no longer dwells
On the vain trifles of to-day,
For Fancy brings her cup of spells



Which leads the dreamer far astray.
From earth and its enchantments free,
My heart is all, O God ! with thee !

Was 't not at such a golden time
Thy voice did Eden's haunts pervade,
And man, to catch its sound sublime,
Drew near, though reverent, not afraid ?
'Tis heard no more — but thou hast still
A speech in every painted flower,
That every human heart may fill
With visions of thy love and power,
That every child of earth may call,
To bless thy bounty — Lord of all !

It bids the man with labor gray
Turn from his dross his aching eye,
And all the goodly things survey
Thou shower'st on earth, and sea, and sky.
It bids th' ambitious worldling yield
His fate to One, whose tender care
Clothes the meek lilies of the field,
And feeds the wanderers of the air ;
Warns folly's slave her smiles to flee,
And seek his hope and joy in thee !

Yes — blessed is this golden hour!
This weight of Summer leaves above,
And every mute and graceful flower,
And every odor that doth rove
Slow o'er the cloudless azure sky :
They speak thy love—they show thy might,
O Monarch of eternity !
And deignst thou to contrive delight,
For frail, unworthy man to see ?
How great art Thou ! — how thankless we !

III.

AN OCTOBER NIGHT.

SUMMER hath gone !
All her gay blossoms are fading now,
Leaves hanging yellow on every bough ;
Soon her sad tomb will the last bestrew
To the shrill wind's moan.

Roses are shed —
The garden hath some few bright flowers still ;
But the early frosts, so keen and chill,
Ere long will their lingering beauty kill,
And they all lie dead.

Bright fall the eves —
Up! merry wind! with thy music strong,
Bring from the stubble the hunter's song —
And the dry paths of the garden along,
Toss the red leaves.

Daylight hath gone —
Lo! the bright moon o'er the wood-crowned
brow
Lone in her glory — the laurels glow
Like heaps of emerald her lamp below,
Fair orb, shine on!

Come, stars, come out!
Nothing of mist doth your empire shroud, —
Call them around thee — thou stately and
proud!
Lo! they burst forth in a glittering crowd
With song and shout!

“ O praise the God of night —
Who sent our band a watch to keep
O'er day — on ocean's breast asleep,
And gave to us our glorious Queen,
And for our path the heaven serene —

O praise the God of night ! —
He loads her wings with balmy dew
Earth's wasted beauty to renew ;
And sends her shade, to steep the eyes
Of fainting flowers — and her blue skies
With us makes bright !

“ Sing loud a joyous strain !
Our Father over earth doth range
In all the loveliness of change ;
The faëry show of Spring he spreads,
And Summer's burning heat succeeds —

Sing loud a joyous strain !
And comely Autumn, with her sheaves,
And stirring winds, and rustling leaves,
Must fly when Winter's squadrons hoar
Their trumpets blow ; but Spring once more
Shall come again ! ”

IV.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

I look out in the winter time
When other flowers are dead ;
The white hail and the bitter wind
Beat on my lowly head ;
But God forbids the angry storm
My hardy bloom to kill,
And I am with my lot content,
Although it is so chill.

For oftentimes doth glittering frost
The sere trees hang with gems,
And thick snow crowns the evergreens,
With stainless diadems ;
There 's something in the wildest day
Of hope and beauty still,
That makes me with my lot content,
Although it is so chill.

—

I dreamed once of a golden noon,
When every bough was clad
With young green leaves, and every bank
With rainbow blossoms glad.
I waked, and feared its fiery sun
My humble bloom might kill,
And thought upon my lot, content,
Although it is so chill.

Let other flowers know brighter skies,
And gay companions see,
While I live lonely — save at eve
When soft winds sing to me.
Their Father is my Father too,
And framed us at his will ;
So I am with my lot content,
Although it is so chill.

THE WILD FLOWER.

“DWELLER in the forest shade !
Wert thou fair and fragrant made,

But to greet the careless eye
Of some rustic wandering by,
Joying in his toils' reprieve
On a balmy summer eve?"

"Mortal, all that pleasure gives
To the meanest thing which lives
Came within the Maker's plan,
When he first created man;
But a nobler purpose still
He hath formed me to fulfil.

"There's a quiet beauty dwells
Nursed within my snowy bells,
Which in many a heart hath wrought
Kindly feeling, gentle thought;
And this wondrous world we see
Hath another charm from me;
Yet a holier purpose still
Lies within the Maker's will.

"Who hath tasted life, but knows
Earth is dark with many woes?
Who hath searched his weary breast,
And hath found therein a rest?"

But with every coming Spring
I my simple lesson bring,
Whisper in the mourner's ear
That for him a spring is near ;
To the toil-worn soul I say,
Faint not — on thy lonely way.
He who bade the sunny hours
Call to life their wealth of flowers,
By that sign forbids thy heart
From its steadfast trust to part ;
For the world he pranketh so
Was not only made for woe.
And the happy ever see
Cause for grateful love in me,
Towards the hand which, day by day,
Scattereth beauty on their way.

“ Stranger ! with the bended brow,
Not of these, I ween, art thou !
Other hand than time's hath wrought
On that brow those lines of thought.
Sorrow older than thy years
Dug those channels for thy tears.
If thy heart aright I see,
I have counsel too for thee :

When the storm through bush and brake
Bids the forest voices wake,
And the oak is rent in sunder
By the crashing peal of thunder,
Canst thou guess the secret spell
Which protects my little bell ?

“ When thy dark and bitter hour
Cometh in resistless power,
Bend thy stubborn spirit low,
Nor arise to meet the blow.
Bid thy wayward heart be still,
And bow thee to the Maker’s will ! ”

THE DESERT FLOWER.

As in the cold and desert sand
The traveller found a single flower ;
And gathered it with trembling hand,
An emblem of some happier hour ;

To bloom and die within his heart,
In memory of his distant home,
And felt the social tear-drop start,
Amid the silence and the gloom ; —

So, o'er my long and weary way,
I see thy smile at distance move,
And o'er my saddening spirit play
Thy looks of sympathy and love.

The desert path I long have trod,
And thou, the single flower, dost shine,
Of all that dark and dreary road,
For ever mine, for ever mine !



LINES

TO A YOUNG FEMALE.



O THAT I could make bright the world for thee,
And smooth its rugged paths, meek, gentle
girl !

For thou amidst its tossing scenes must be,
As 'midst the billows wild, the stainless pearl ;
And thou must mingle in its toil and strife,
And look upon the darker page of life,
My child, my happy child !

I would all sounds, by thy blithe spirit heard,
Were gentle as a mother's lullaby,
And tuneful as the voice of stream and bird :
I would all scenes were clear as summer's sky,
And that where grief must be, a ray should fall,
Like moonlight over ruins, brightening all
Life's ways, for thee, my child !

I would that thou shouldst walk therein, as
though
My watchful, soothing, changeless love had
been
Before thee, in the track where thou must go,
Through the dim valley, the unquiet scene ;
And left, despite the power of strife and care,
The still, deep gladness of its presence there,
To rest with thee, my child !

But if the world be sordid, harsh, or cold.
If thou be lonely, 'midst its busy throng,

As the weak lamb, far from the shepherd's fold;
If there be spirits that can do thee wrong;
If base deceit thy heart's young trust must
shake,
And from thy dream of life thou must awake;
Come back to me, my child !

Come back to me : thou knowest where to find
An eye that never turned in scorn from thee ;
A voice whose tones have never been unkind,
A heart, that inly yearns thy face to see ;
And — but I wish my deeds alone should tell,
What words were weak to testify, how well
I have loved thee, my child !

Even when age shall come, as come it must,
The twilight of existence, silver gray,
'T is but the body bendeth to the dust,
Affection cannot sink by slow decay ;
While the pulse beateth it will tremble too ;
That, shall I count as death, which can subdue
The thought of thee, my child !

Thou cherished one of home ! who then will
feel
For thee, as I have felt ? Who then will care

E'en the minutest wound of thine to heal,
Thy smallest pleasure to enhance and share !
To whom can I the tenderness bequeath,
Which, as a ruling passion, strong in death,
Will turn to thee, my child !

Yea, there is one will watch thee still ; I know
HE will be with thee, though unheard, unseen,
In all thy wanderings — thou canst not go
Where his providing love has never been ;
He hath made green the earth, and bright the
sky,
And tuned his creature's hearts to charity ;
To HIM I trust my child.

Doth not his mercy to his own exceed
The holiest form of kindness ever known
To human love ? — That spirit best can read
His love, which scans the fulness of its own.
I have not swerved from thee, and can HE
change ?
Sin only can from thee HIS love estrange ;
Then be thou pure, my child !

Thou art HIS offspring. HE hath good for
thee,

E'en though by trial He thy faith should prove
He who in his rich bounty gave to me
To cradle thy young spirit by my love,
To make thy childhood's sunshine by my smile,
Inhaling thy youth's dew and balm the while.
Then flee to HIM, my child !

He measureth the waters in his hand ;
Mountains as dust are in his balance piled ;
The firmament of heaven He hath spanned ;
Yet is the spirit of a feeble child,
In his all-seeing eyes, a precious thing ;
I fear not now — the shadow of his wing
Is over thee, my child !

THE MISSIONARY.

I saw a mighty throng around me stand,
With unenlightened hearts, and joyless eyes,
Walking in darkness towards that distant land,
Where wait their hidden future destinies.

-

Hearts had they, but untouched with living fire,
To melt at pity, or at virtue glow,
For earthly gain was all their low desire ;

The pure delight that nobler joys bestow
Was hidden from their gaze. Th' immortal
mind

Was famishing within them : it was there,
With all its faculties divine and fair ;
Untouched, uncultivated, unrefined.

Pitying I saw : — And be it mine, I cried,

From those benighted hearts to lift the veil,
To see them taught, instructed, purified ;

Patient the dawn of earliest hope to hail,
As plants unfold beneath the breath of heaven ;

To raise their spirits with the eternal trust,
And lead them, penitent, reformed, forgiven,

Beyond the sordid visions of the dust,
To heaven and heavenly joys ; — when lo ! a
voice

Came to me — Thou who pitiest thus the
lost,

And fain would bid the broken heart rejoice,

Ere this great task thou takest, count the
cost.

With untired patience canst thou sow the seed,
Though thou thyself the harvest mayst not
reap ?

And when for sin thy inmost heart doth bleed,
A meek, forgiving spirit, canst thou keep?
Witness the scene of cruelty and strife
With an unchanging faith and steadfast eye,
And pour o'er all the griefs and cares of life
A Christian hope, and calm benignity;
Lead childhood's little footsteps, day by day,
Unto the paths divine, and weary not;
And by the dying sinner bend to pray
In sympathy with even the outcast's lot?
Indifference canst thou meet, yet turn again,
The long, the hopeless conflict to revive
And think a soul renewed the noblest gain
That time with all his trophies ere could
give?
Canst thou thus labor, not by sight, but faith,
And on the distant waters cast thy bread?
Canst thou be faithful, even unto death;
Unwavering, undismayed, unconquered? —
Oh! not for me, I cried, this task divine,
Which asks a Howard or a Romilly;
And the presumptuous vision I resign,
The harvest wait from other hands to see. —
Yet, take thy task, the voice again replied,
The feeblest instruments can do his will;
And that one talent which thou mayst not hide,
May even yet thy Master's work fulfil.

THE MOURNER.

"Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive ; and let thy widows trust in me ! " — *Jer. xlix. 11.*

THE Priest had closed the holy book,
In silent grief the Mourner's bent,
To take the last sad farewell look,
Ere from the grave they sorrowing went.
Amid the train, elate with pride,
(Awakened by their sable dress,)
Two little maids stood side by side,
Nor wept though they were fatherless.

But there was *one* whose fragile form,
With grief, though not with years, low bent,
Seemed sinking 'neath affliction's storm,
Which pitiless her bosom rent.
No tears her kerchief stained, ah no !
Too deep for tears was her distress,
As, overwhelmed in speechless woe,
She viewed those infants fatherless.

Who now, with fond paternal care,
Will for their daily wants provide ;
And from temptation's wily snare
Their inexperienced footsteps guide ?
Alas ! for them the future shewed
But scenes of sorrow and distress —
For they must tread life's thorny road,
Not only poor, but fatherless.

Yes ! though the tomb that form contain,
Which was to thee than life more dear,
Nor earthly father now remain
With thee, those tender germs to rear,
Yet there 's thy God enthroned above,
Whose guardian power will guide and bless ;
And, circled with his arms of love,
Thy dear ones are not fatherless !

THE TOUCH OF DEATH.

"He destroyeth the perfect and the wicked."—*Job ix. 22.*

THE young leaves fall, and the full flowers drop,
And ever on earth such must be our lot,
For the walk of Death is here ;
He treads the globe with a withering tread,
And the prattling child, and the hoary head,
Are hushed as his steps come near.

Wherever the foot of man hath been,
In the lonely cell, in the busy scene,
Hath Death been hovering nigh ;
And the voice of prayer, and the scorner's
glance,
Are stilled by a touch of his quivering lance,
As unseen he passes by.

The bridegroom leaves his new-made bride,
The soldier falls in his hour of pride,

And the craven in his fear ;
And the reveller in his wildest glee
Has passed to a long eternity,
As the death-call meets his ear.

The mother has fled from her infant's smile,
Hushed are the flatterer's words of guile,
At the withering touch of Death ;
The miser shrinks from his hoarded gold,
While the useless treasure is yet untold,
Chilled by his icy breath.

And is there nothing in human power
That can stay the mourning, the evil hour ?
Say, will it surely come ?
Must the loved, and the honored, the good, the
free
Fall alike with the children of misery ?
Must they share the common doom ?
They must — if it be a doom to bear
The dawn of a day that shall know no care,
That shall fear no gloomy night ;
That shall last, and for ever, in changeless
bliss,
With no shade of the sin and the sorrow of
this,
In God's eternal light.

And the sons of the evil ! O where are they !
Must they rise in their sin on this awful day,
 Arise e'en as they fell ?
O seek not the depth of their fate to know !
Who sows in evil, must reap in woe ;
 As they build, they for ever shall dwell.

HYMN.

“ A well of water, springing up into everlasting life.” — *John* iv. 14.

O FOUNTAIN of our blessing !
Whose pure and healing wave
Draws crowds of fainting pilgrims on,
 Their burning feet to lave.

O soul-reviving waters,
Clear, bright, without a stain ;
Where he who once has quenched his thirst
 Shall never thirst again.

Why do we idly hearken
To those who coldly tell,
(As of some strange and foreign tale)
Of that life-giving well?

Not so the thirsty seek thee,
For *they* must drink or die;
Before th' inviting accents cease,
Their eager souls reply.

O fountain of our blessing!
Like theirs my steps would be,
Not tarrying in the crowded way,
To hear e'en tales of thee.

Mine inmost spirit tells me,
"Press onward, onward still;
O never stay, till thou hast reached
That stream, and drunk thy fill."

LIFE'S CONFLICT.



IN the conflict of life how many fall,
Who set off with a heart of trust ;
Their bright hopes clouded and vanished all,
And their honor laid in dust.

How many, who once had spurned the thought,
Bow down to the world's base shrine ;
By earth's vain glitter and baubles caught,
And perished each high design.

The beautiful heaven for them shines on,
But lost is life's purest glow ;
And the noble feelings and aims are gone,
Which youthful bosoms know.

The stain of earth no tears efface,
And youth's celestial smile,
If once remorse with anguish chase,
No future years beguile.

There is neither hope, or peace, or joy,
When the bloom of the soul is faded,
When the tyrant of sin has come to destroy,
And each opening prospect 's faded.

O! guard the heaven within, for there,
In each bright and hallowed dream,
Is a charm to conquer mortal care,
And through every grief to beam.

There thoughts of a lovelier and better scene
Shall chase the transient sigh,
And fairer visions than ever were seen
Shall rise on faith's rapt eye.

And those gentle thoughts, and that holy faith,
Shall sweeten the mourner's way,
And a smile shall welcome the night of death,
That leads to a fairer day.

FUNERAL HYMN.

"He, being dead, yet speaketh."

HARK ! Christians, to the tones that fill
Each listening mourner's ear,
"He, being dead, yet speaketh still,"
His voice is hovering near.

O listen *now*, though once the sound
Might coldly touch thy breast,
Those gentle accents float around
From mansions of the blest.

They speak to youth in warning strain,
To shun temptation's way,
Nor venture midst the pleasures vain
Of life's delusive day.

They speak to those in manhood's pride,
As they were wont to speak,

To lay their worldly trust aside,
And better riches seek.

And gently to the infant band,
They tell of heavenly things,
And speak of that enduring land,
Where endless pleasure springs.

And to the Christian bent with years
They breathe in words of love,
And bid him lay aside his fears,
And find his rest above.

O not in vain his death shall be,
Whose life so brightly shone ;
For, " being dead, yet speaketh he,"
In accents all his own.

So, though we ne'er shall see him more
Within this hallowed fane,
Yet let us live his virtues o'er,
Nor make his labors vain.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.



WHEN first I gazed upon thy face,
Fixed in the deep repose of death ;
And bent, each feature loved to trace,
With throbbing heart and bosomed breath ;
O ! then methought 't was sad to die,
While youth's bright beam was in thine eye.

But when the dream of other years
Came o'er me, and I thought of him
Who made that bright eye dark with tears,
And all thy youth obscure and dim,
And gave thy gentle, trusting heart
Desertion's cold, envenomed dart ; —
O ! then, when through the mournful shade
The painful past stood all revealed, —
The years of love too ill repaid,
The sleepless nights too well concealed,
The broken hope of thy first vow,
Thine only vision's overthrow ; —

Then did I check the weak regret,
And think thee blest in early sleep ;
With mournful tears no longer wet,
Thine eye shall wake, no more to weep ;
The grief which thou through years didst bear,
I sought thy brow — it was not there.

Anxious and pale, I stood by thee,
And drops of love were on my cheek,
And yet I felt it should not be,
For I in coming hours might seek
Thy tomb, and envy that sweet rest,
And sigh to be as early blest.

And years may fly, and I may prove
All that brought peace and death to thee ;
As fondly hope, as vainly love,
And weep like thee in secrecy :
But I shall never grieve again,
Beloved ! that thou wert taken then.

GETHSEMANE.

JESUS walked forth unto Gethsemane
With his disciples, and said, "Sit ye here,
While I go hence to pray," then sudden fear
And heavy sorrow, with the agony
Of thought, came o'er him, and as he went on
He fell upon his face, and deeply prayed ;
"Father, if it be possible," he said,
"Let this cup pass from me : " absorbed
alone
He poured his soul to heaven, and humbly
strove
For perfect confidence : — " Yet not as I
But as thou wilt, my Father," was his cry,
And his pale lips moved with submissive love.
O, heavenly Father, when my cross appears,
Thus, Savior-like, may love dispel my fears.

EVENING.



O! EVENING, in thy light subdued and pale
I love to wander forth ; when the cold breeze
Upon the night-cloud flees,
And deep thy shades prevail ;
When all is hushed, and nature seems to share
With human hearts the universal prayer.

I love to meditate, as on thy sky
Sits the blest empress of the silent night,
On realms more pure and bright,
And raise my mournful eye
From earth, and grief, and the dark ills of time,
To heavenlier scenes and visions more sublime.

And, as the million rays of worlds of bliss
Rise up in the dim void, and seem to say,
A Father's hand upon our way
Hath launched us, through the dark abyss :
Awed by their silent glory, swift I turn
From hopes and fears of earth, and holier feel-
ings burn.

And in my raptured soul I consecrate
All past devotion, and I feel how vain
All mortal joy or pain
In such a fleeting state ;
And raise my soul beyond a few brief tears,
'To the great author of eternal years !

Then, Evening ! as upon my soothed heart
Thy breath is felt, and falls the cooling shade,
In heaven's own calm surveyed
A holier influence they impart ;
And while thy gloomy clouds above me roll,
A brighter ray is dawning on my soul.

O ! ever thus be mine thy hallowed hours,
Thy twilight shadows, and thy fitful sighs ;
Thy breezes cold, that wildly rise ;
Thy fragrant closing flowers ;
And ever mine thy soft, mysterious spell,
That makes the human heart sadly yet sweetly
swell.

HYMN.

WHEN hope and fear alternate reigned
Within my changeful heart,
Still, Father ! thou my trust sustained,
And bade my fears depart.

When after anxious hours of pain
Thy joyful presence beamed,
And when a mother's bliss again
Through all my being streamed.

Say did I then thy mercy own,
Thy plentitude of love ?
No — future hours and days alone
My gratitude can prove.

O may I teach this wayward breast
The lessons of thy hand ;
Content to live at thy behest,
Or die at thy command.



9.



